THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

November, 1803.

MRS. KNOWLES.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MRS. KNOWLES is a native of Staffordshire, and now the widow of Dr. Knowles, a much esteemed physician in London. Her parents being of the society of Friends, she was carefully brought up in substantial and useful knowledge; but this alone could not satisfy her active mind; for she has been long distinguished by various works in the polite arts of poetry, painting, and more especially the imitation of nature in needlework. Some specimens of this last having been accidentally seen by their Majesties, they expressed a wish to see her; and she was accordingly presented in the simplicity of her Quaker dress, and graciously received. This and subsequent interviews, led to her grand undertaking, a representation of the King in needlework, which she compleated to their entire satisfaction, though she had never seen any thing of the kind.

We next find her accompanying her husband on a scientific tour through Holland, Germany, and France, where they obtained introduction to the most distinguished personages, such as the Prince and Princess of Orange; at Versailles, to the Messieurs and Mesdames of the Royal Family; and at last she was admitted to the toilette of the late unfortunate Queen, by her own desire. The appearance of Quakers was to that Princess quite a phenomenon, concerning whose tenets

she was politely earnest for information, and acknowledged these heretics to be philosophers at least.

She has written on various subjects, philosophical, theological, and poetical, some of which have been published with her name; but more anonymous; and we are informed, her modesty retains in manuscript far more than has appeared to the public, which her friends cannot but hope will sometime come abroad to the world. When urged on this subject, she would say, "'Even arts and sciences are but evanescent and splendid vanities, if unaccompanied by the Christian virtues!"

We shall conclude this article with the dialogue between her and Dr. Johnson, by which it will appear, at least, that she is no contemptible advocate for the principles of the respectable society of Friends.

Mrs. K. Thy friend, Jenny H——, desires her kind respects to thee, Doctor.

Dr. J. To *me!*—Tell me not of her! I hate the odious wench for her apostacy: and it is you, Madam, who have seduced her from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge, indeed. I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Dr. J. (much disturbed at this unexpected challenge) said, You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.

("Bravo!" *was repeated by the company, and silence ensued.)*

Dr. J. Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H—— from the Christian religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou would'st not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion

discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets, whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her *duty* so to do.

Dr. J. Pshaw! Pshaw!—An accountable creature!—Girls accountable creatures!—It was her duty to remain with the church wherein she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What! not for that which she apprehended to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, had'st thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian *evidence* might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction! and, if so, then let me ask, how would thy *conscience* have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My conscience would not have been answerable.

Mrs. K. Whose then would?

Dr. J. Why the *state*, to be sure. In adhering to the religion of the state as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our *duty*.

Mrs. K. A nation, or state, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government, or state, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a non-entity. Now, gentlemen, *can* your imagination body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a state, composed of millions of people? Can you behold it stalking forth into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct, of its constituent *machines* called men? Surely the teeming brain of Poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage!

(When the laugh occasioned by the personification was subsided, the Doctor *very angrily replied,)*

I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, *as* thou seemest to imply, a wench of twenty years be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn Quakers.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of Infidels or Deists.

Dr. J. Certainly, I do think you little better than Deists.

Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research, has not thought it at least *expedient* to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular!

Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the language of the Rabbies of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity, of dawning truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust, our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth; and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology, is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank: a teacher, from whom they think they have a right to expect much informa-

information. To this expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself, for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every court and university in Christendom!

(Here the Doctor *grew very angry, still more so at the space of time the gentlemen allowed his antagonist wherein to make her defence, and his impatience excited* Mr. Boswell *himself in a whisper, to say,* "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before!")

The Doctor *again repeated, that* he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee, and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors.

(To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor *grumbled out his assent.)*

Mrs. K. Well then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called Quakers do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts as recorded in the New Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called the Apostle's Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into Hell, and the Resurrection of the Body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the Holy Text; there being, from that ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up in the creed. And now, Doctor, can'st thou still deny to us the honourable title of Christians?

Dr. J. Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I

cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

Mrs. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where pride and prejudice can never enter!

Dr. J. Meet *her!* I never desire to meet fools any where.

(This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor *joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated; he took his coffee, and became, for the remainder of the evening, very chearful and entertaining.)*

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXIII.

THE following paper was transmitted to me by an ingenious lady of my acquaintance, who, though in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and far from being of a gloomy disposition, has already learned to make a due estimate of life, and sees it in a proper light. Had the sentiments, however, which she delivers just as they are, dropt from my pen, they would probably have been ascribed to age and disappointment, to the cant of the tabernacle, or to the effects of the *vapours*; but coming, as they do, from a person such as I have described, they are likely to make some impression on the young and the giddy, and may serve to convince them, that serious thoughts are not incompatible with innocent enjoyment; and that to be happy, it is not necessary to forget the fixed and inevitable lot of human nature.

Tell me, ye daughters of Eve, what is this beauty of which ye pride yourselves, to the embellishments of

of which ye spend so many precious hours of your existence? It is like the transient sun-beam of the morning, flying before the storm. Soon will the winter of age pluck the rose from your cheek, and convert those dimples into extended wrinkles. Those shining tresses will be silvered by time, and scarce sufficient remain to cover your heads. Those eyes, now sparkling with pleasure, will be sunken and hollow, and no traces of your former beauty be left. A few years, and your fine forms will be shrivelled by the clay-cold hand of Death. Then will the yawning grave receive the last sacrifice of mortality. At that awful period, the soul will wing its flight, speeding to the tribunal of celestial justice. There ye must give an account of the moments spent on earth, and answer to your Redeemer for the time given you to be employed for your benefit, to render you worthy partakers of heavenly love. Lay up, therefore, for yourselves, in the days of your youth, provisions for the mind against the advances of age; for be assured, no sorrow or calamity is too great to be borne, if God is our friend; no pleasure capable of gratifying us, if it be purchased at the expence of his deserved anger.

"To have your minds decked with divine virtues, and dressed after the amiable pattern of your Redeemer's holiness," says the excellent Hervey, "would spread a sort of heavenly glow over the finest set of features, and heighten the loveliness of every other engaging accomplishment. What is yet a more inviting consideration, these flowers would not wither with nature, nor be tarnished by time, but would open continually into richer beauties, and flourish even in the winter of age. But the most incomparable recommendation of these noble qualities is, that from their hallowed relics, as from the fragrant ashes of the phœnix, will, ere long, arise an illustrious form, bright as the wings of angels, lasting as the light of the New Jerusalem."

That

That these are sacred and incontrovertible truths, every church-yard bears witness. There lie incongruously mixed, the rich and the poor. Where now are the distinctions of beauty and deformity? of grandeur and lowliness? She who once added brilliancy to a ball, and shone in every embellishment of fashion, is now rotting in the silent confines of the tomb. What does it import her now, whether the brilliants that sparkled in her cestus, and shone resplendent from her head, were more elegantly disposed than another's? or that the silks that adorned her person, were more fashionable, and of a finer texture, than her companions'? They, like her mortal frame, are faded, and worn out. But they cannot make her memory respected, or "Snatch" for her "a wreath beyond the grave." Where now is the smile of pleasure, once beaming in her face, and sparkling in her eye? where the easy gaiety of her step, the modulated pathos of her voice? Stiff are those elastic limbs, once moving in the sprightly mazes of the dance; silent is that voice which has so oft ravished her listening auditors.

Life, we know, is uncertain. The tomb, we know, is the boundary of all earthly pursuits. To-day we may draw a plan of enjoyment for a long series of years, and to-morrow be snatched from existence. Do we not daily see our friends fall around us, and are uncertain ourselves, how short or long a time we may remain? Under this impression, it behoves you, my fair countrywomen, to employ to the best advantage, the hours allotted you; to permit no fugitive moment to escape, unaccompanied by improvement, or unmarked by some good deed. Search the inmost recesses of your heart, and carefully avoid estimating too highly your own perfections; for self-love will be apt to over-rate them. Remember, your good deeds will of themselves speak most eloquently in your favour. Be not, therefore, solicitous to obtain earthly praise, but rather seek to merit the approbation of your own conscience. This is a monitor you may depend

depend on at all times. The wretched sinner, in the midst of his vicious pleasures, starts at its well known voice. He dares not think; and to drown its loud appeals, he plunges still deeper into the whirlpool of destruction; till at last the waves close over his head, and he sinks in the ocean of eternity.

How different from such a person's must be the sensations of the dying Christian, as given in the beautiful language of Pope!

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath!
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O, Grave! where is thy victory?
O, Death! where is thy sting?

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

MADAM,

YOUR liberality and willingness to advise those who are in circumstances of adversity, induce me to trouble you with this letter, and earnestly to request your sentiments upon the subject of it. I was fortunate enough (I will use that word, though the sequel will not bear the expression) about two years ago, to meet with a young gentleman possessed of so many charms, both of mind and body, that my heart, upon

upon a short acquaintance, owned his superiority, and I felt much interested in him. We became daily more intimate, and at length, mutually attached. Our affection arose to such a height, that we declared our sentiments; and vowing to live for each other only, entered into a solemn engagement of marriage, as soon as our circumstances would allow. We were neither of us then eighteen. After this period, two or three years elapsed in the most endearing intercourse, and, instead of lessening, served but to increase our loves. Our parents, though of course they were acquainted with our interviews, took no steps to prevent them. The prying eye of malice, however, discovered their frequency, and reported them. From this sad hour fate seemed to frown upon us; my Harry was torn from my arms; compelled by his parents, either to give me up, or be abandoned, even disinherited by them. Having too much honor to wish to involve me in poverty, (for he was at this time studying a profession in which we fondly hoped he would soon obtain eminence,) he reluctantly, distractedly quitted my company, leaving me to pine in solitude and sorrow. After this most afflicting event, we continued to correspond, buoying ourselves up with hopes again. We thought in a few years, industry and economy might enable my Harry to maintain me. But discovering that in the event of a marriage between us, his little patrimony was to be forfeited, he has written to me, that he shall not be able to maintain me in the way I have been accustomed for years; that he will not reduce me in the world; and that he therefore cannot permit me to waste upon the desert air my youthful charms, in waiting upon his capricious fortune. You, Madam, who are so well versed in the feelings of the human heart, may judge of my situation; I cannot describe it. He now waits my answer, to take some step to put an end to our connexion entirely; and implores me to fix my affections upon some one more favored by fortune than himself.

Advise

Advise us, my dear Madam, what we ought to do—how to act. Must we, under the above circumstances, part for ever? But your understanding will point out to you, from the sketch I have given, the opinion and counsel of which we stand in need; and as this is no fictitious case, (alas! 'tis too true,) I request, and from your kindness expect, an answer in the next Museum.

I hope this will not be too late for insertion; and am, Madam, anxiously waiting your reply,

Your obedient and deeply afflicted

Devonshire. MADELINE.

THE VINDICTIVE FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY EDMUND.

"AWAY, away; I will not hear you."

"*Father*, have compassion—Oh! regard your suppliant child as formerly, when you called me, your Emily—the supporter of your declining age, and the soother of your sorrows."

"Ah! too true—But, alas! how sadly changed!—You were, indeed, my only joy—my only comfort—Now—my curse—my torment.—Favoured by the night, you insidiously quitted your paternal roof—With whom?—with a villain—a seducer of your honor—a destroyer of my peace!—Your fond and tender mother has already fallen a victim to her child's disobedience—and I—But away, wretched girl!—I cannot—will not listen to you."

"Do not curse me, my father; let me hear you bless your wretched daughter—for pity's sake!—One word of comfort.—I own my fault.—Though I love my husband, yet I still reverence my father. Oh! had you known the many hours of misery I have endured, laboring under your curse—a father's curse!—you would have pitied me. Bless me, my parent—bless your

your repentant Emily—Not one look?—not one paternal look?—Oh! I have deserved—Have mercy, Heaven! Bless my father.—Hark!—my mother calls.—Away!—I come!—she smiles upon me! she does not curse her daughter!—Hark!—she calls again!—Mother, I come!"

"Emily, my love," (said he, overpowered with the feelings of a parent,) "I do not curse you. Revive, my daughter, and bless me with your smiles. You have my warmest forgiveness."

"Did you not hear her?—she grows impatient.—Farewell, father!—Edward!—Oh, my heart."

These were the last words the once lovely Emily Savill uttered. Enjoying the affluence of her father, and educated in gay life, she had fixed her affections on a young officer of the most seducing manners, but trifling fortune. Her father refused his consent; the consequence was an elopement. Their indiscretion produced very serious pecuniary distresses. A reverse of fortune brought with it, on Edward's part, a reverse of love, while she doated on him to distraction. Long and frequent was he absent from her; yet she patiently endured his neglect, and scorned to complain; but the anxieties of her heart preyed on the roses of her blooming cheek; the lustre of her brilliant eye was gone; and pallid grief marked the traces of each lovely feature. Too truly did she imagine her Edward's love was fled. Her fine-strung nerves could ill endure the mutual coldness of a father, and of a husband: humility and anguish led her to implore the forgiveness of the former, which, if obtained, might alleviate, in some measure, the wound occasioned by her Edward's neglect: But, alas! her father's forgiveness arrived too late. The result is before shewn. He sunk on the bosom of his penitent and lifeless daughter; and exhausted nature at the same moment released him from terrestrial shackles; and they now lay united in the silent grave.

St. Pancras.

THE

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

PACKET VIII, CONTINUED.

LORD MONT EDGECOMBE *to* SIR E. MILLTOWN

Dear Edward, *Leominster.*

IN compliance with our request, my Cambrian host, at night, concluded his adventures, which I will repeat in his own style, not being able to substitute a better. We drew our chairs in a social circle, and he thus continued. "I pointed out to the good old lady, the injustice she was doing her child, by encouraging her partiality for one so much beneath her in circumstances, and made her fully acquainted with every particular of my life. She heard me with attention; and when I ceased, said smiling, "Well, well, I am not so romantic as to think, that, because you have loved one woman, and have been disappointed, that you can never love another. I have too high an opinion of your understanding and my daughter's merits. Eleanor, whether worthy or unworthy, is now settled; and take my word, you will find yourself much happier with an amiable agreeable companion; one who knows the secret sorrows of your heart—one in whom you can place confidence, and who will sympathise with you." There was so much reason in what she advanced, that for my soul I could not refute it, but by again reminding her of my poverty. "Nonsense," cried she: "if I have enough for you both, cannot you be satisfied? Besides, if your proud spirit rises against the weight of obligation, we have other resources: if you have made sufficient progress in the law to get admitted, I have interest and connections enough to insure you practice. Come, come, take two days to consider; compose your mind, and act like a rational man." What shall I say? Gratitude took place of love; nor was it in this instance a poor substitute. I was married to Caroline; she professed

fessed herself happy, and I found I was becoming so too. Indeed, it was impossible to live long with her, and not love her. Our affairs prospered; my son was born, and I felt as a grateful husband, a fond father. Three children were the fruits of our union; and my lovely Caroline excelled in the character of a mother, as much as she did in that of a wife. The birth of a fourth child deprived me of an excellent friend, and amiable companion, after an uninterrupted scene of happiness, which lasted six years. I was again desolate; again melancholy. The sight of my forlorn little ones augmented my distress: their grandmother was too old to afford me society, and I begun to seek solace in the bottle. In one of my freakish humours, I invited a large party from a tavern, to dine at my house the next day. Most of them assembled in time, one only delayed; he was a queer, uncouth character, and a person with whom I was but slightly acquainted: at last he arrived; he hurried up stairs, and made a sort of apology for introducing a friend, who had arrived from the country that morning, and detained him. He knew I was a good-natured dog, and would excuse it: he could not shake off an old companion. I proceeded to welcome his friend, when, to my infinite consternation, I beheld Pritchard. How I looked, I know not; he turned pale as death. At length recovering himself, he said, in a low voice, "Griffiths, I little thought of meeting you as an entertainer: if you have only an old quarrel to settle with me, defer it till a more favorable opportunity: I have much to say to you, but I do not think this a proper time for discussion." "Whatever may be your opinion, Sir," said I calmly, "is of little consequence to me. Whatever resentment I may have felt for the injury done me, your being the husband of Eleanor is your protection. As the friend of a guest invited here, I shall permit you to sit at my table, if your own feelings will permit you; and you may be assured, I will not violate the laws of hospitality by insulting

insulting you; though I must confess, your presence will be a restraint upon me." Notwithstanding this rebuke, he took his place, and during dinner, frequently directed his discourse to me; but I generally evaded giving him an answer; and as he refrained from any impertinence, or allusions to the past, the day passed on tolerably enough. And now, my Lord, I come to the most incredible part of my narration—Retributive justice never slumbers. You may, with many, doubt what I assert: for though there were many witnesses, they are by this time probably dispersed in various directions, and you have but my word for this extraordinary event. Pritchard made so free with the bottle, that he became completely intoxicated, grew riotous and disorderly at an early hour, and was with difficulty persuaded to retire. A coach was ordered to convey him home; but, in descending the stair-case, he missed a step, and fell to the bottom. Some one of the company flew to raise him, but his neck was dislocated, and he expired in a moment. The sudden shock of this accident restored us all to our serious senses; every proper examination was submitted to; the witnesses were respectable and numerous, and the affair passed on without much noise, as few knew the particulars of our acquaintance. I hastily penned a letter to Mrs. Pritchard, requesting her presence; and, in the best and most cautious terms I was capable, explained the accident to her. She did not affect more grief than she felt: the outward garb of woe was more than sufficient for a husband who had used her brutally; and soon after the interment of Pritchard, she made me acquainted with the whole of his baseness. He had constantly endeavoured to alienate her regard from me, by the most dazzling offers; and when he found there was no chance of success by such means, he strove to blacken my character by the most detestable insinuations. He assured her, by solemn oaths, that I had to him boasted of a criminal connection with her; that I was

addicted to drinking, which foible he was too indiscreetly addicted to himself, as since his marriage he had, in a drunken fit of exultation, boasted to her, that by means of a false key he had placed the papers and money in my chest, for which I was accused, and which confirmed her in the belief of my unworthiness. Fearing he had not entirely banished me from her heart, which was indeed the case, he bethought himself of a new stratagem; he procured an infamous creature to swear a child to me. I was not on the spot, and my character was completely vilified: from that event, Eleanor believed his assertions, and, blinded by his seeming merit, gave him her hand, thus becoming the victim of her own weakness." Eleanor thus ended her recital, in which I found much to pity, and little to condemn. I readily forgave her conduct towards me: all my former passion returned: Providence seemed to have thrown us together, after what each had considered a perpetual separation. Allowing a proper time to appearances, we agreed to unite our fate and fortunes. Eleanor has, you see, recovered her health and spirits. We courted in our old age with as much fervency as in our youth; and though time, in some measure, shortens our prospects, I trust there is much joy in store for us. At all events, the recollection of past adversity will render us content: poverty no longer terrifies us with her grim aspect, we are past the days of jealous whimsies; and I think I have fully satisfied you all, that this is the happiest day of my life.—Such was Griffiths's story, of which I am a faithful narrator. I leave you to make your own comments, with which you may fill a packet, if you please, as large as what you now receive from your faithful, though much fatigued friend,

MONT EDGECOMBE

CURSORY

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Nos autem Naturam sequimur, et ab omni quod abhorret ab oculorum auriumque approbatione, fugimus: status, incessus, cessio, accubatio, vultus, oculi, manuum motus teneant illud decorum. CICERO.

CONVINCED, as I must surely be, how often, and how well, this subject has been handled, I cannot forbear throwing together a few remarks, which struck me the other day on leaving a mixed company. Not, indeed, pretending to bring forward any thing new, or presuming to improve any thing old; for what I am about to say, must be obvious at a moment's reflection. But, as every one is not disposed to reflect, I am well aware, that a few loose hints will hardly be thrown away upon persons to whom time or business may deny the perusal of more voluminous writers.

A liberal and learned education is, doubtless, one of the noblest and most desirable acquisitions of life; as no person without it can be truly accounted genteel; and any person with it, is entitled at least to some honour. But it so happens, from some concurrence of circumstances, that those who are most disposed to improve, and whose minds are best calculated for the reception of accomplishments, are often debarred of acquiring them; while others, who have every means in the world, (save inclination,) squander those means in dissipation; subverting at once every particle of health, education, and morality. Though it is in the power of but very few to become adepts in universal knowledge, every one certainly, in whatever situation, is capable, in some degree, as far as is consistent with that situation, of attaining so many accomplishments as to maintain an easy, affable, and pleasing conduct in society. To please, and be pleased, is one of the grand ends of education; I mean of the inferior parts of education: and though the want of this is in the mouth of every

one, the exertion to acquire it seems totally dormant. To be perfectly accomplished, may, indeed, require the attention of years: yet a small, but sincere attention to a few things, added to a desire of pleasing, may very soon, and very easily, supply, in a great measure, the want of a fine education.

It has been a point much agitated, whether a person ought to devote all attention and study to one science, or have a smattering of them all. Every one of sense must allow both to be equally absurd. Each, indeed, is in itself good; but does not answer the desired end, when socially considered. One is like a barrel-organ, that plays the same set and regular round of music to every person, and in every place: The other is like an Æolian harp, that plays no tune whatever, but gives a successive and almost infinite variety—with a bit (and indeed a little bit) of every air imaginable. Now both these may delight for a short time, but certainly not long. To carry on the simile, I cannot better compare a man of real sense, and real education, than to an able performer on a good instrument: he can suit his music to any place or any person; can please himself, by giving delight to others; and is at once a useful and agreeable companion. Young gentlemen in a university (I speak of those who are *at all* inclined to improve) are so delighted with this and that branch of literature, that they are at a loss which to adhere to, and frequently, by pursuing all, insure none. The young man who would wear his gown with honour, should determine to shine as much as in his power in some one profession; to this he should bend closely and attentively, yet not *toto pectore*; for, however close application each science may require, there surely is room for a little attention to some others. I cannot help thinking (to resume similies) a man of science without other accomplishments, like a fine stately cedar with its side-branches lopped off; it has, indeed, its strength, but has not its elegance. A man may be the finest lawyer in the kingdom; yet a

lawyer

lawyer alone, though admirable in court, is, God knows, but a dry companion in a social afternoon! A counsellor may have the law at his fingers ends, and his head full of good advice; yet at the same time may—certainly may, in a small, though elegant degree—partake of the respective arts of the poet, the painter, the musician, the astronomer, the botanist, and—the GENTLEMAN: for, without this last, not his botany, his astronomy, his music, his painting, his poetry, or even his law, will gain him esteem: for, with the possession of all the knowledge in the world, there is a something in the carriage and address of every person still necessary to render them agreeable. I had much rather, with a little learning, possess a pleasing and affable behaviour, than be accounted the most learned brute in all Europe. The inferior branches of education are certainly never to be despised, even by the most learned. A gentleman cannot be called accomplished, without the arts of dancing and fencing. The former is graceful—the latter useful—though God forbid I should recommend the *modern* use of it. How disgusting it is to see a man enter a room that cannot dance a common minuet!—Did I say minuet!—I should have said, that cannot take off his hat without a degree of aukwardness. To persons in the higher and middle classes of life, I would strongly recommend a moderate skill in the science of music; for nothing tends more to refine the mind, and prepare it for the reception of every branch of knowledge. Music, in solitude, may exclude many an unhappy thought, by calling up the remembrance of past felicity; and in company, it may relieve the tediousness of too long conversation. With ladies, indeed, it is almost indispensible; and a gentleman cannot certainly be called accomplished without it; for harmony is the soul of science. Indeed, music has gained such high repute among the sciences, that no person whatever is pleased to be thought insensible to its power. Many will confess that they dislike this or that branch of science;

science; but every one will at least *say* that he is fond of music. I own, I run on in a fine *strain*, and my readers may suppose me a doctor of music; but, indeed, I am far from being even a decent performer; yet the conviction of the reality of my remarks gives me the freedom always attendant on truth—I can feel it in my soul.

I cannot proceed without observing, that a knowledge of the inferior offices and *minutiæ* of life, is very essential to people of all ranks. It is certainly no degradation to the first gentleman or lady in the land, to be acquainted with these little affairs; but certainly a disgrace to be ignorant of them. Perhaps a small example may better shew what I mean; and more so, as I have just been a witness to the truth of my assertion. It was but the other day I was riding in the country with a gentleman, who, for his age, is, perhaps, one of the first mathematicians in the University of Cambridge. We had no servant, and rode at pleasure through the woods, in no determined road: we stopped at a farmer's house to get some refreshment, and stripped our horses ourselves. When we came to remount, I could not but smile, to see my good friend totally ignorant how to begin to put on the saddle or bridle. He buckled the girths before he put on the crupper, and said he could bend the horse's tail into it! I equipped his horse, and told him, when I came to the biquadrate theorem, I would thank *him* to bear a hand. Yet I could not help telling him—though with more jocose raillery than spiteful sarcasm—that when he rode, he looked something like a parallelogram sticking upon an isoceles triangle. In conversation, every thing that has the smallest resemblance to pedantry should be avoided. The divine should never *preach*, the doctor *prescribe*, nor the lawyer *plead*. Yet, in moderation, I would always indulge the parson with his *tythes*, the physician with his *patience*, and the counsellor with his *cause*. But on the moment of their assuming pedantry, I would *excommunicate* the divine—

give

give over the doctor—and *nonsuit* the lawyer. If they must spout, let them go to the pulpit or the bar; there they may shine: but the best sermon, or the finest oration, delivered pedantically in a social meeting of friends, is as bad as a great oak tree growing in a flower pot in a green-house.

Some people have a habit, in conversation, of introducing an old proverb, by way (as they suppose) of adding strength to their arguments. This not only indicates low breeding, but betrays a want and barrenness of imagination. A proverb, if introduced once or twice, in some facetious conversation, by way of burlesque, may, indeed, have a very good effect, and excite a momentary smile; but I cannot think there is any elegance, or even politeness, in using them seriously, and with an intention to illustrate. I know a young man that cannot help giving you "*a Rowland for your Oliver*" in almost every sentence of his discourse. But I must not here dwell too long on a subject—this, indeed, needs it not; and my readers may, perhaps, tell me, that "*too much of*———!"

I am sorry to see (as I often do in the houses of country towns and villages) a volume or two of novels lying on the side-board, procured from some circulating library: and it is with still greater regret I behold, on opening them, the thumb-testimony of their having been very frequently read; for the corner of every page bears traces of the thumb of those persons whose delicate *taste* has been indulged with such corruptive trash. Yet the novel-writers will tell you they have always *morality* in view—Yes, indeed, they here and there squeeze you out a sentiment; but who would be at the trouble of gathering the worthless blossoms of a thistle, among such innumerable points of venomous thorns? The morality contained in a modern novel, is something like Shakespeare's description of Gratiano's reasons.—"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff;

chaff; you shall seek all day e'er you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search." Such, indeed, is a modern novel; and worse; for an elegant author says, "Novels, unhappily, are almost the only species of reading in which the young persons of the present age take delight; and nothing has contributed more effectually to bring on that dissoluteness of manners which prevails among all ranks."

The acquisition of any thing should never excite pride in the breast of its possessor—*that* diminishes its value; nor should the want of any accomplishment affect any one with disgust. Modesty will give even ignorance a greater lustre, than pride can put on the finest perfections. Permit me, reader, to draw a character or two in my familiar way. I have really seen what I am going to draw. I will, therefore, keep truth in my eye, and I shall surely be right.

Philogamus is a young man with a tolerable share of good sense—some learning—a great deal of good-nature—and a moderate, though independent, fortune.

Euphronia is a lady of small fortune—small, but well-managed education—much good sense—and a great deal of good-nature, joined to the most pleasing and affectionate disposition.

Pompadora is a rich heiress—finished education—many accomplishments—much pride, and a consequential carriage.

Now you must know, that one day Miss Pompadora took it into her head that Philogamus was in love with her, because she had danced with him, and he had said she danced elegantly. No sooner had this idea entered her mind, than she told him, she would admit him as a lover, but could never think of marriage—desired him to remember her birth—her fortune—her education—to compare them with his own—that his estate would not maintain her servants, and—She was going on, but Philogamus politely told her—he must decline the honour, for he was engaged.

He was indeed engaged—it was with Euphronia. Euphronia and he had for several years loved each other—

other—but knew it not. Philogamus, after much agitation, was resolute enough to break the subject to her. She told him, it was what she had long wished to bring to some certainty; but was too sensible of her inferiority to presume to give him hope—as at some future day his cooler reason might reproach him with temerity. Yet if he could—but I need not transcribe it—it was lovers' talk; and may, perhaps, be better expressed as lovers do their letters, by leaving room for imagination, and filling up the line with blanks, thus

——— ——— ———

Well, shall I finish my tale? Why yes—I should shew the consequence. Pompadora had refused so many good offers, because they were not of high birth, that she was at last forced to put up with a young buck who had spent all his fortune. He swore, to be sure, that he loved her—so he did her purse 'till it was empty. They were married—but ever after the first year lived separate; which seemed to be the happiest way. For while they were together, if he happened but to sleep in his coach, she waked him with an imperious voice, and informed him whose money it was that put him there.

Philogamus, after finishing his education, and entering on a genteel profession, received the hand of his Euphronia. They retired to his country seat, and have ever since lived in the sweetest harmony. Their life is indeed retired, because their fortune is small; but their happiness is unbounded, because their affection is great. When I first saw them, I met them as I walked in the valley with my friend, and for some time took them for lovers—so unlike were they to what man and wife usually are. I now frequently visit them, and generally find her at work, while he is either reading for her amusement, or teaching the children. I could recount a thousand little expressions and attentions that I often observe to pass between them, that convince me of the sincerity of their love—but I should be here too prolix. I can only say, that here I see real happiness—here I see the end and intent of a good educa-

tion. This couple can look back with pleasure, and forward with hope. Their neighbours bless them, and their children love them—and they will see their evening sun go down in serenity.

I might say much more, but there needs it not. I have now only one truth farther, that is this—All the learning, all the education, all the accomplishments in the world, amount to nothing, unless united to good sense, good-nature, and a good heart.

Sept. 15, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

AN ADDRESS TO FASHION.

'TIS to thee, O Fashion! I address myself; whose voice even the deaf can hear! whose fascinating form even the blind can see! whose sway extendeth over both old and young—prince and peasant! Before thee Wisdom "loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shews;" seeing thy power is unlimited, thy dominion resistless, and thy reign is predominant over the hearts of the fair.—'Tis at thy shrine they devote themselves with unabating zeal; 'tis at thy call they emulously strive who shall first obey thy imperious mandate: in thy cause their utmost powers are exerted, who hold in chains, even the boasted lords of the creation. In obeying thy injunctions, what will they not forego! what sacrifices will they not make! At thy command, they have tottered under the weight of enormous head-dresses, have barricadoed themselves in buckram and whalebone, have encircled themselves with massy hoops, as an entrenchment, and fortified themselves as against an host of foes. Yet at thy call have they dispensed with all, given up all the out-works which they seemed to place such confidence in, and gone into the opposite extreme, scarcely leaving covering sufficient to repel a besieger! In obedience to thy mandate, they expose their lovely forms from the rude glare of licentiousness, and leave them undefended to the keen blasts of Boreas, or the scorching kisses of Phœbus: "The icy phang,

and

and churlish chiding of the winter's wind," is drowned by thy prevailing voice: nor will they screen themselves from the burning rays of the sun, if thou forbid it! For thee they sacrifice ease and health—even health—sweetest companion of the fair—which paints their cheeks with roses, which makes their eyes sparkle with lustre, and adds radiance to beauty—even thou art neglected, if Fashion require it. For thy sake, O tyrant Fashion, they bedaub their cheeks with paints and creams; for thee they will bereave themselves of the lovely tresses which adorn their heads—the precious gift of Nature, which she has given them for a covering—to be supplied by the fantastical hand of Art! 'Tis thy voice drowns the once regarded voice of Modesty itself—once dear to every virtuous female breast, which consecrated beauty, and doubly enhanced its value. Yet Modesty, once so honoured, must yield, and retire unheeded by the gay votaries of Fashion. And is then Modesty quite disregarded? quite forgotten by the British fair? No—there are yet those who scorn Fashion's despotic sway, when it exceeds the bounds of Modesty, who can resist its lawless force, nor follow the giddy track of Fashion further than virtue and decorum warrants. May, then, thy votaries, O Fashion, decrease, till, restored to proper limits, thou shalt only use thy influence to adorn and ornament beauty, instead of impairing and degrading it.

Sept. 1803. Q.

ON IMPERTINENCE AND DIGNITY.

IMPERTINENCE is to dignity what cunning is to wisdom. It does not follow, that because a man is not guilty of impertinence, he possesses dignity; or, that because he has no cunning, he is wise: nay, it does not even follow, that because he despises impertinence and cunning, he should therefore never practise either. It is one thing to know the *intrinsic* value of a thing; another, to know the *current* estimation of it.

THE FARM HOUSE STORY:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE LIBRARY. MORNING.

MR. WALSINGHAM *solus.*

HOW important is the charge of a young female's education! I am involved in a thousand perplexities on account of this indiscreet girl, yet her amiable qualities have not escaped my observation. Her benevolence, her good temper, her piety, amply counterbalances her frivolity and extravagance. Still these failings must be corrected. Then her occasional levity, that puzzles me: can the heart of a woman who indulges in coquetry, be unvitiated? I fear not: It is a weakness the most difficult of all to eradicate, when once it takes root. I have done my best: heaven knows what difficulty I have found in the performance of my duty; and if my efforts for her happiness are not attended with success, I shall never cease to regret the hour I first beheld Angelina. I hear the voice of her friend; or at least the woman she honors with that title unworthily, I fear: but it is ever the error of an artless mind, to place a hasty confidence in others. Perhaps I may from her learn the real sentiments of my ward.

Enter MISS GABBLEWELL.

Miss G. Good morning, Sir. So the *impatient* lover has been detained on the road by an untoward accident, and has just now thought proper to acquaint us of it. Very considerate, indeed!

Mr. W. How does Lady Angelina consider the affair?

Miss G. Oh! I admire the happy insensibility of some people: she seldom takes the trouble to *consider*, and in this case her Ladyship's feelings are very accommodating.

Mr.

Mr. W. I always thought she possessed much sensibility.

Miss G. Yes, the sensibility of a woman of fashion, who can weep at a novel, faint at a sentimental play, and shriek at a spider. But she certainly does not love Edward with the ardour one might expect, for he is formed to be beloved!!

Mr. W. Has she any other attachment?

Miss G. If you can be secret as an Inquisitor, I will tell you. I think she has.

Mr. W. Who is the object? Name him, Madam.

Miss G. That I do not know.

Mr. W. What proof have you?

Miss G. Oh, nothing—mere nothing—Only she writes to some one, tender letters; supplies him with money from her privy purse; and has acknowledged to me, that the object of her liberality is the only one she can ever love: but his name she keeps secret even from me.

Mr. W. Confusion! I must know more of this. Death! it cannot be.

Miss G. Lord! Lord! the man's mad! I must mind what I say. Nay, if you doubt me, sound her yourself: but if I trust you, I expect you will not betray me; for to abuse the confidence placed in one, is shameful.

Mr. W. *(Significantly.)* It is indeed.

Enter LADY ANGELINA *gaily.*

Lady A. Ah, guardian, have I interrupted a tender tête a tête? Well, now, I am very sorry; but who'd have thought it?

Miss G. You are a dear droll creature. Mr. Walsingham and I were just talking politics. He says, I know nothing about them, and have no business to meddle; and so, and so, my dear, he got in a passion. *(Aside.)* And now do you get him out of it.

(Exit laughing.

Lady A. How cross he looks! Not a word yet! What makes you so thoughtful, guardian?

Mr. W. Your want of thought, Lady Angelina.

Lady A. So you are kind enough to think for me: well, it may be as much to my advantage.

Mr. W. I should have expected to find you less gay to-day.

Lady A. What, because the signing of the contract is delayed just four-and-twenty hours? Do you think then I have so little love for liberty?

Mr. W. I thought you had more for Edward.

Lady A. I dare believe I have as much for him as he has for me.

Mr. W. I find you are piqued: has not he given you proofs of his regard?

Lady A. Yes, he has attended me abroad, talked pretty nonsense, sung tender songs, picked up my glove, and kissed my hand, as half a dozen other danglers may do. Ah, my dear Sir, were women less ready to catch at these nothings, there would be fewer sighing about inconstant man!

Some there are, who tell you oft,
'Tis wrong to trust to *words* of men;
For tender nothings—accents soft,
Will cheat our sex, nine out of ten.

But would you the truth discover,
Read, they say, his speaking eye;
There you'll find, if fond the lover,
Looks alone will truth supply.

False this doctrine, I aver;
Looks we oft interpret wrong;
But, dear girls, you'll seldom err,
If truth's confirm'd by *eyes and tongue.*

Mr. W. You may make a jest of it; but Edward's sincerity you have even more sure grounds to believe.

Lady A. He means to marry me. Yes, then he proves his regard for my fortune. Why, Sir Frederick Flutter would do that.

Mr. W. Your father's will should have some weight with you, Lady Angelina.

Lady

Lady A. He willed it only on condition that we loved each other.

Mr. W. Then you do not wish to marry him.

Lady A. I do not—wish to marry—yet.

Mr. W. Perhaps you like Sir Frederick?

Lady A. I know you *do not:* and whatever may be my sentiments, your wishes shall direct my actions.

Mr. W. Suppose my wishes should be inimical to your happines?

Lady A. Still I must be happy in the reflection of having acted according to the wish of my best friend.

Mr. W. This is flattering; yet, methinks, it is but the parade of obedience. How am I to prove your sincerity?

Lady A. By the promptitude of my acquiescence to your commands. But, setting aside this awkward subject, guardian, I want a hundred pounds.

Mr. W. A hundred pounds! Lady Angelina: I must have some account of your expenditures: your late extravagance justifies me. You must have some secret demands on your purse. I know you do not game. I hope you do not lavish your money on any unworthy or improper object.

Lady A (confused.) Sir! are you serious?

Mr. W. I am. In fact, it has been rumoured, and I have heard with pain, that you have an acquaintance who requires from you pecuniary supplies.

Lady A. (Aside.) Heavens! I am betrayed.—Yet he cannot know the truth.——Sir, I will never lavish the fortune bequeathed me by a fond indulgent parent, upon any unworthy object.

Mr. W. I hope not. Amiable as charity is, it is right to bestow with discrimination. I seek not to pry into your private acts of benevolence. You might err through good intention, and injure yourself; for calumny is ever busy where there is any appearance of concealment.

Enter Miss GABBLEWELL *and Sir* FREDERICK FLUTTER.

Miss G. Mercy on me! what a pair of long faces do I behold! Why, Lady Angelina, you look ten years older than when I left you.

Lady A. But I cannot pay you the compliment, to say you have lost what I seem to have gained.

Miss G. (Aside.) Spiteful thing! I'll vex her. Perhaps, Lady Angelina, I have gained something which you have lost. *(Looking exultingly at Sir F.*

Lady A. (Smiling.) I take care not to lose any thing worth keeping.

Sir F. (Bowing, good humoured.) But your Ladyship may cast away superfluities, which another may be pleased to find.

Miss G. Or rather Lady Angelina may not be a judge of the value of what she rejects.

Mr. W. (Looking at his watch.) When this snip-snap is ended, we will adjourn to the Pump Room.

Sir F. Snap-dragon is a merry game, but few escape without burning their fingers. Sir, we attend you.

(Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Farm. Mrs. WOODBURY'S *Apartment.* JESSY *reading to her Mother.*

Mrs. W. Do not confine yourself with me, my love; as the morning is beautiful, take your usual walk.

Jessy. I wonder if the strangers have breakfasted. Oh, my dear mother, I wish you could see them. The old gentleman looks so respectable and kind, I quite love him: and his nephew appears the most accomplished, charming ——

Mrs. W. Hold, hold, Jessy: your continued praises of this youth fill me with apprehensions. Beware, my child, of a specious appearance. Your destiny has thrown you hitherto among ignorant peasantry; and

and the striking contrast presented by a well-informed, fashionable man, dazzles you with the imagination of perfection, where, perhaps, a sad reverse may be discovered.

Jessy. Deceitful, indeed, must appearances be, if Edward is not amiable.

Mrs. W. Such deception, however, is to be met with in life; and you are now at an age when pleasing imprsssions are rather to be dreaded.

Jessy. You are unusually gloomy and severe, mother.

Mrs. W. Sad experience makes me cautious, Jessy. You must not be misled by ambition. Perhaps I have been to blame in giving you an education superior to your present sphere in life, or future expectations; but I intended not to inculcate pride or vanity, failings which I trust you are yet a stranger to. You must look no higher than to some honest industrious peasant; for your mother's errors, Jessy, have deprived you of some advantages not to be dispensed with among people of wealth and rank.

Jessy. Madam!!

Mrs. W. (Weeping.) My child! let the pain of this confession evince my maternal anxiety. I will tell you my short, sad story: it is due to you, that I should humiliate myself; for through the unjust prejudice of the world, the daughter must suffer for the indiscretions of the parent.

Jessy. Oh, my mother! let me suffer what I may, it cannot exceed the anguish of hearing you thus accuse yourself.

Mrs. W. My sweet girl!—But listen. I was the only child of a rich and respectable Quaker in Bristol. When but sixteen, I unfortunately attracted the notice of a young ensign, whose regiment was quartered in that city. The attractions of Clifford were not few; and as he assiduously sought opportunities of getting acquainted with me, my heart soon became too deeply interested for my peace. My father discovered the growing

growing attachment, and dreading my apostacy from his faith, to which he was a bigot, pointedly expressed his disapprobation. Fear of his usual severity when offended, made me have recourse to stratagem to obtain interviews with my lover: and now, Jessy, learn from me, that clandestine engagements are a young woman's most certain steps to ruin. To hurry over a recital which agonizes my soul, and wounds your delicate feelings, Clifford succeeded in seducing me, young and inexperienced as I was, from the paths of virtue. As is usual on such occasions, he soothed my reproaches with assurances of an honourable union when his expected promotion took place. He was then too poor to marry; my father could not be expected to do any thing for us; and I loved him too sincerely to involve him in difficulties. His regiment was soon after ordered abroad. But, oh! Jessy, absence erased me from his mind; for from that hour I never heard from him.

Jessy. And was that man my father?

Mrs. W. He was! and you the innocent cause of all my further sufferings. The proof of my indiscretion was soon too obvious; and my father turned me from his house a wretched, helpless outcast. The friends of my prosperous days, refused their countenance; and I should have perished unpitied, but for an aged nurse, who sheltered me in my distress, and cherished your first symptoms of existence. By her kind care restored to comparative health and tranquillity, the scheme of setting up a little school occurred to me, and this place seemed most eligible. Her recommendation was of some service to me, and my plan succeeded: but scarcely had I begun to feel ease of mind, when I read in the papers that Clifford had been killed in an engagement. My affection, though weakened by neglect, was not wholly alienated from him, cruel and ungrateful as he had been. When an hour's cessation from business allowed me liberty, I wept my sorrows on your infant bosom. Calamity seemed

seemed to hover round me in every shape: an accidental fire consumed my humble dwelling, and what little property I had amassed. Again was I reduced to beggary. My father inexorably refused to assist me; and to the benevolence of this worthy farmer alone, are we indebted for prolonged existence. He has been a parent to us: for this fatal ablepsy, the consequence of grief and cold, have precluded all possibility of my earning a subsistence; but the industrious exertions of my girl will, in time, I hope, discharge our debt of gratitude.

Jessy. She shall, indeed, my mother. [*A knocking is heard without.*

Mrs. W. We are interrupted. Go to the door, my dear.

Enter Mr. OVERTON.

Jessy. It is Mr. Overton, Madam.

Mr. O. Good morning to you, ladies. Pardon this liberty. Mr. Woodbury, some business which nearly concerns yourself and lovely daughter, occasions me to be an early, and, perhaps, unwelcome intruder.

Mrs. W. Reach a chair, Jessy. My daughter, Sir, has already spoken in such favourable terms of your appearance and manner, that I am too partially impressed to think you an unwelcome visitor.

Mr. O. I am happy, supremely happy, in having so fair an advocate. It renders the subject I would enter upon less embarrassing.

Jessy. I hope, Sir, you have no further illness to apprehend from your accident?

Mr. O. I trust not, charming Jessy. Your kind enquiry would make me regardless of pain, if I felt it.

Mrs. W. (Aside.) What can he mean? Jessy, you may go. I shall want you again soon, remember.

[*Exit* Jessy.

Mr. O. You are, perhaps, surprised at this visit; but I trust your astonishment will cease, when you hear

hear that I am fully acquainted with your situation, and sincerely wish to serve you.

Mrs. W. Sir, I am obliged to you; but at present know of no title or claim I can have to your bounty.

Mr O. I will be explicit. Your daughter is lovely, is fascinating. Her simplicity, and gentleness of manner, has won my regard. I have been in the army; have led a roving life; and hitherto have been as unsettled in my affections as situation. From a post of danger, I was translated into a lucrative government. I have amassed wealth, and returned to my native country. With all those advantages, domestic felicity, or rather the delights of the tender passion, have been withheld from me. If your daughter can place her affections under the guidance of your discretion, I trust I shall not plead in vain. She shall command a superb house, splendid equipage, and every thing in a style of elegance few can exceed. The disparity of our years may be a trifling objection, for I am near forty; but I trust, my knowledge of the world, and opportunity of improvement, will render me both an agreeable and eligible companion for her; and of my entire affection she shall have no cause to doubt. Besides, the idea of restoring you to affluence and peace, will be an additional inducement to one possessing her exemplary filial piety.

Mrs. W. I have listened thus far in silent gratitude, Sir; for your generous, disinterested offer has rendered me almost dumb. I know not how to thank you; but my daughter shall; and if, when your wife——

Mr. O. Pardon me, Mrs. Woodbury; I must set you right in one particular. Having lived to these years unfettered by any matrimonial engagement, it is not likely I shall now form an alliance with one so young, and of inferior rank to what my birth, fortune, and connexions, might lead me to expect: but your daughter shall have no cause to complain; settlements shall be made that will secure you both from future

future inconvenience. Even you, Madam, will be amply provided for.

Mrs. W. (*Rising.*) Sir, do you come here to mock me?

Mr. O. Certainly not. I am perfectly serious; and you must be strangely insensible to your own and daughter's interest, if you do not yield ready acquiescence to my wish.

Mrs. W. Accursed be the woman who, through motives of self-interest, would sacrifice her child!!

Mr. O. Can you call what I propose a sacrifice?

Mrs. W. Shame on you for the proposal. But leave me, Sir; insult me not further by your presence; for here learn, that I hold both you and your offers in contempt. Oh! heavens! am I reduced to this!

Mr. O. Let me tell you, mistress, this disdain is ill-timed. I would have you descend from these romantic heroics, and consider my proposal well. I shall depart this evening, but will see you once more: you may fare worse, if you refuse me. (*Aside.*) For Jessy must, and shall be mine. (*Exit.*

Mrs. W. Then let the worst come. Why, it should seem as if my first disgrace was marked on my countenance, to render me an object of scorn to all the world. My child is no longer safe: Why does she stay from me? We must hasten from hence. But where can I fly, that remorse and misery will not attend me? O, Jessy! Jessy! (*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Garden.

EDWARD *and* JESSY.

Jessy. Ah, Sir! were I to believe what you say, I must still think the impression too sudden to be deep.

Edward. Pardon me: the swifter arrows fly, the stronger their force; and Cupid is too good an archer, to use blunt weapons, or aim at impenetrable marks.

Jessy. Still I cannot but have doubts.

Edward.

Edward. You need not; for, by my soul, I love you ardently and honourably. Among all my juvenile errors, the seduction of innocence has never been known; and further, to convince you that I would not deceive you, I must apprize you, that I am at present affianced to Lady Angelina Chatterton, at Bath, whither we were hastening when the interposition of Providence introduced me to you. That engagement shall, however, be broken. For here I vow——

Jessy. Oh, no; not for me shall it be broken. Lady Angelina is my only friend, my benefactress. She is an angel.

Edward. Jessy, you alarm me: you turn pale: may not I flatter myself you are interested on my account? —Yet hear me—

Jessy. No, Sir; I have been wrong already: nay, hold me not, I intreat; I must go.

Edward. You shall not go, till you hear my justification. Lady Angelina is my cousin. We were educated together; and it was the wish of our friends that we should be united. I admired her many engaging qualities, respected her merits, and knowing no preference elsewhere, imagined I loved her. She acquiesced to the family arrangements with a degree of indifference, which makes me believe she is not very strongly attached; therefore, be assured, my Jessy, I shall easily prevail on her to relinquish all claims; and then need I say how little I shall value a few thousands, compared to the possession of my lovely Miss Woodbury?

Jessy. Do not let us deceive ourselves with false hopes. You are to go to Bath immediately. Your uncle will not set out till the evening: you will, therefore, have time to penetrate her Ladyship's sentiments: but even then remember, the consent of more than one will be necessary.

Edward. I will remember any thing, in the hope of seeing you smile on me at my return. I am sure

my uncle already admires you: of his consent I have no doubt.

Jessy. Ah, you flatterer! But adieu: my mother calls.

Edward. Till we meet again, heaven bless you.—Doubt not.

Jessy. I will believe you. Farewell. *(Exit.*

Enter MARY BLITH *and* TOM.

Edward. You look sad, Mary. What is the matter?

Mary. Why, Lord, Sir, Tom has been lecturing me so about going to sarvice. He says if I once go to London, there will be an end of me.

Edward. A very melancholy suggestion, truly. But, Mary, I hope you have too much good sense to let the example of town-bred servants corrupt your morals.

Tom. That's what I tells her, Sir. To be sure, her Ladyship's *fallibility* and *condension* makes her give all her sarvants good advice; but then what's that, when other people set such *zamples*? Adrat'n! it's no wonder that they do copy the great folks in some things, when the great folks *intimates* them in other somes. Why, only think now, what a quandary I was in t'other day, when I went with a message from Miss to her Ladyship's! So while I was waiting in the hall, there came down a stout comely looking body; her hair hanging all matted and mucky about her face, with a slamalking round-eared cap, and a blue checked gown tucked up to her shoulders, showing her great elbows as red as hung beef. So taking her for the landry maid, I says, "Fine morning, mistress. I ha'nt seen you here before: belike you bees a new hand. You sarve a good lady, I can tell you that." Egad, with that her face redden'd up like a turkey-cock. "What does the fellow mean?" cried she: "Here, Thomas, turn this clod-pole rascal out of doors:" and if you'll believe me, Sir, she swore like a

trooper. I never was so scared in my life. With that I was going to give her as good as she sent, when Thomas, ready to die with laughing, told me as 'twas the Honorable Miss Chatterton, her Ladyship's particular friend. Well, Lord, Sir, if they be so bad at Bath, what must they be at London?

Edward. Why, my good lad, there are some of all sorts; and if people chuse to take care of themselves, they may do as well there as any where.

Tom. Well now, that is some satisfaction, sure. But pray, Sir, is not London a very dragly, pilmy* sort of a place?

Edward. Why do you suppose so?

Tom. Because as all the gentlemen as comed from there before you, have had the lappets of their coats cut off for to keep em from stratting †.

Edward. Ha! ha! dirty enough, indeed. But I see my horse is ready. Good bye, friend. Mary, take care of yourself; I will speak a good word to Lady Angelina. *(Exit.*

Mary (curtsying.) I will, Sir: thank you, Sir. Oh, if all the gentlemen were like him, Tom, London would be a rare place.

Tom. Aye, and all the women like Miss Jessy; but that can never be. So come along. I wish this parting business was over. *(Exit.*

END OF ACT II.

* Mud. † Splashing.

ON GENEROSITY.

GENEROSITY would act oftener, if she was oftener trusted: and what a striking proof of it does Lord Clarendon give us in the instance of Lord Digby's discovering himself to Sir J. Hotham!

FROM

FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

COMPARISON OF THE TWO SEXES.

ALL authors, who have written upon the equality, or the pre-eminence, of the two sexes, have frequently erred by misplacing them. The hand which has regulated this vast universe, has assigned to each its part; each is born for a purpose which it ought to fulfil. If it deviates from that purpose, it infringes upon the general order: it is therefore punished, because it acts counter to the eternal laws, from whence arose that consistency and harmony which nature never suffers to be violated with impunity.

It is not my intention, by opposing to each other the deficiencies and advantages of the two sexes, to create a strife for superiority between those whom nature meant to harmonize together, and to be to each other, as Milton elegantly expresses it, "an individual solace dear." I shall rather endeavour to examine the place which they ought to fill in the social order, so as not to derange that order. We may then, perhaps, be able to compare them more justly, and to find in them an almost equal portion of qualities, adapted to fulfil the functions to which they are respectively called.

It cannot be denied, that the intent of nature, in creating women, has principally been to consecrate them to the employment of mothers. All their qualities seem to announce this sacred destination, and few are their imperfections to hinder its being accomplished. In fact, we may remark, that those errors of inadvertency, of levity, of frivolity, of want of consistency in their ideas, disappear as soon as the object in question is their children. There are few women, who, when they become mothers, do not lose some faults, and acquire some virtues. The

change which takes place at this moment, in the head and heart of a young woman, is one of the most interesting subjects for observation. Is she a coquet, inconstant, carried away by her passions? Has she even exceeded those bounds which virtue prescribes? The moment in which she hears the first cries of her infant, seems to touch a new chord within her, which renders the rest more obscure, and less powerful, which, by a pleasing and prolonged vibration, diffuses a sudden charm throughout every part of her being. It is in the maternal sentiment they shew the most persevering ardour. I have seen women, who could not apparently endure the slightest fatigue, remain whole nights together, watching beside the cradle of their infants until their death. Agitated by the fear that its spirit might take its flight, they seemed to arrest it by the looks which they cast upon the already cold body. They will thus endure fatigue which most fathers would sink under; and almost always, in this case, vigour, combined with greater indifference, yields to the weakness of the other sex, supported by excess of maternal tenderness and sensibility. It cannot be disputed, that in this impartial sketch, the advantage is entirely on the side of the woman; and this is truly one of the circumstances of life upon which we may establish and fix the point of comparison.

There is still another; that in which love takes possession of the soul. And in my opinion, it is only under these two relations that a parallel can be drawn between the two sexes; that they can be compared together. Without founding our judgment upon any particular example, which could only lead us into error, let us inquire whether women know better how to love than we do. I believe that they surpass us in love, and that we have the superiority over them in friendship. I am certainly far from regarding this amiable sex as strangers to this sentiment, so pleasing, so consolatory, when it unites us with them. I speak merely

merely of the greater or less degree of perfectibility which women are susceptible of when they experience it; and it is upon this point that I hazard my ideas.

Friendship is a lively attraction, so full of innocence, so pure in its desires, that love can never attain to the same perfection. The one is a devouring passion, a real disease of the soul; the other a soothing transport to it. Friendship, adapted as it were to its own strength, masters without violence, charms without agitating. If the enjoyments of love carry with them, even in their delirium, the sources of its own destruction, those of friendship, less active, more lasting, more frequently repeated, effect their own reproduction. Here is no fatigue, no satiety, as in love, to the soul and the senses. Amiably unreserved, it offers before a demand is made; obtains, almost without having desired; it is the bliss of the soul, the image of happiness on earth. And in this sentiment I conceive the fair sex fail in the comparison. I may possibly, by advancing this opinion, have the misfortune to give offence to a sex which I revere, but I believe I have spoken the truth. I know that instances can be adduced against my opinion: but a few rare exceptions afford no argument against a general rule. If a woman be the friend of another woman, self-love, rivalship, interposes between them, changes their sentiments, or secretly apprises them that they are liable to change. Let us then remove nothing out of its proper place. Let us follow the laws of nature. Let women live for maternal affection and for love; and let friendship be to them only the second interest of their lives. It appears, therefore, that the two sexes are equal, but not similar; that they are adapted for different things, in which they attain to an equal degree of perfection; that we may believe that men, by their character, are more fit for friendship; women, more peculiarly formed to feel love; a passion no less rapid in its progress than short in its duration, and which, by that very circumstance, seems to have so

much analogy with them: but that they bear in their hearts a much more tender sentiment for their children; that under this relation, they have a consistency which we do not possess; that their tenderness for the beloved offspring of their nuptial bed, survives not only their love for their husbands, but even the need in which their children stand of them during the weakness of infancy, is manifest; whereas our paternal sentiment towards them diminishes when they form a part of society. Nothing, therefore, is more apparent than that the destination of each sex is distinct. The women are born to love us, to console us under our hardships; we, to love them, and to protect them from every danger. We cannot well enjoy any superiority, but that which is our own. Does one appear great by the mere degradation of another? There is a kind of superiority which the women ought to preserve over us, and which depends upon their weakness itself, upon the respect which they inspire. It is more easily felt than expressed. There is another which belongs to the dignity of the man, which his companion not only acknowledges, but which she does not even forgive him, if he sacrifices to her. I should still have to speak of benevolence and compassion; to enquire whether we, or the women, experience, exercise these two sentiments the best. But respecting this question, there can be no difference of opinion. Women, feeling the distresses which they witness, with greater acuteness and promptitude than we do, must naturally lament them more. We have humanity; they, more tender-hearted, have compassion. The slightest complaint distresses their ear; an insignificant wound shocks their sight. It seems as if their destination on earth, was to sooth and succour. Attracted towards the unfortunate, when we are only moved with their cries, they have already afforded relief, whilst we still hesitate to fly to their assistance. I think I have proved, that, as mothers, lovers, and compassionate beings, the women

have

have the superiority over us; and often, even in affairs for which they seem less adapted, as in the art of governing, some of them have displayed talents which might have done honour to the greatest kings. But these particular examples evince nothing with respect to the aggregate. Every thing tends to recal them to the destination for which nature has intended them; and every thing seems to prescribe to us, not to compare ourselves with them, except in the duties and the sentiments, which are alike common and beneficial to both sexes.

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

[Continued from page 202.]

IN compliance with the promise given to my young readers, I shall endeavour to interest their attention by a few old-fashioned remarks; and without absolutely replying in the epistolary style to my correspondents, indulge them with that advice they have separately asked.

To the unfortunate Mrs. Brown, or the ill-fated Miss Furguson, I wish I could offer that consolation I am anxious she should receive: but, alas! I cannot restore her to that state of innocence in which a female can only hope to enjoy tranquillity and ease! Pitiable she doubtless is, and entitled to every consolation which it is in the power of friendship to impart; and the advice which I shall give, is dictated by sympathy, and I trust will be the means of assuaging the sorrows of her heart. The despicable man who first seduced, and then deserted her, seems an amiable character, when compared with the being from whom she derived her birth; for it is difficult to reconcile the idea of a mother premeditately planning the destruction of her child. That there are such monsters in existence, is to the disgrace of human nature. The parent of my correspondent is not the first female who has corrupted the morals of the being they

brought into the world; but let them tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the awful tribunal of Heaven, for the sins of their children will fall upon their heads! Dreadful must be their situation at that fearful moment, when they feel themselves suspended, as it were, by a thread, between this and a future world; when not only the catalogue of their own imperfections rise up against them, but they find themselves called upon to account for the failings which have been committed by their child!

The picture is too melancholy for imagination to dwell upon; it excites emotions which leave a painful impression on the mind; I shall therefore turn from the subject to one less unpleasing, and hasten to offer Mrs. Brown my advice.

The proposal which has been made by her humane landlady, respecting the future disposal of her child, is such a one as I should recommend her accepting, if there was no probability of her being able to support it herself. The Foundling Hospital is a charity which not only reflects honour upon the institutor, but upon those humane characters by whom it is sustained; and is conducted upon a plan, which not only promotes the comfort of the innocent inhabitants, but upon one that is calculated to instil the most virtuous principles into their minds. Notwithstanding which, I think it is the duty of every mother to superintend the infant state of her child; and I conceive such an employment would afford Mrs. B. the highest gratification; not only as fulfilling a duty, but by occupying her time.

With respect to the embarrassments she may feel from her destitute situation, I have the pleasure of informing her, it is not so forlorn as she may expect; her story has excited the compassion of a lady whose benevolent disposition has induced her to offer her the assistance of a friend; and at the Post Office she will find a letter from her, directed according to the desired address.

I con-

I congratulate Miss Diana Dubious upon her unexpected change of fortune, of which, I fear, she is inclined to make an improper use; and cannot conceive that the apprentice of a milliner is exactly a proper wife for an officer in the guards. Not that I mean to throw the slightest stain upon a business which offers so many industrious and amiable young women support; but I think little happiness can be expected in a state of marriage, if there is any great degree of dissimilarity either in the age or the state. The generality of young men in the guards, are the sons of gentlemen of family, educated in a style of elegance and expence; and if ten thousand pounds is a sufficient magnet to induce any one of them to form a union with Miss Dubious, she stands a chance of being treated with neglect by her husband, and contempt by his family and friends. Every dissipated young man will laugh and flirt with a female, particularly if she possesses any personal charms; and will even profess to feel a violent affection for her, whilst the passion of love is a stranger to his heart.

I would likewise beg leave to remind Miss Dubious, that fortune cannot be the object which influenced the linen-draper's regard; for he must have loved her for her worth, or admired her for her attractions, as his passion was declared when she was in a dependent state. To offer affluence to a man unbiassed by interested motives, must afford the highest gratification to a liberal mind; and if his retailing of muslins should be an objection, ten thousand pounds will enable him to become a merchant, or, in other words, to deal merely in the wholesale trade.

The simple statement of facts related by my correspondent, who merely signs the initials of her name, only strengthens an opinion I have frequently circulated through the Museum, that it is better to be ignorant, than to refine the human mind. In offering this opinion, I mean to attach it to certain situations; and to say that every young person's education ought to correspond with the stations they are to fill; for how

how miserable must it be for a polished understanding to associate merely with those who are totally unimproved! It is not merely the vacuum which the heart must experience, at finding no congenial spirit to whom its emotions can be made known, but there is a sort of vulgar prejudice which ignorance feels against information, that is more mortifying than is in the power of language to describe. It is easy to conceive the coarse jests and observations, which the uninformed relations of my unfortunate correspondent would make; though it would be difficult to describe the pain she must experience from the illiberality of their behaviour, and the vulgarity of their remarks. In proportion as the mind is improved and cultivated, the feelings become more sensible and acute; for it must be allowed, that education goes hand in hand with nature, in raising the man above the level with the brute.

The protectress of E. F. has been guilty of a most unpardonable piece of injustice; for though she might not think her, by birth and fortune, a proper match for her son, yet she certainly was bound, by every moral duty, to support the being she had incapacitated from being useful in humble life. Through the accomplishments she has acquired, however, independence is presented; though, without friends to recommend, it is not easily obtained; but it is probable within a short time, if my correspondent will send her real name and address to the Museum, a situation may be offered through my means.

I can only advise patience to E. F. under her, at present, unpleasant circumstances, and on no account to quit her father's house, until some respectable situation offers itself, which may appear eligible to her, and her family may approve. I applaud her resolution of not entering into marriage with a man whom she can neither love or esteem; for the present inconveniencies are light, in comparison of what a mind of sensibility must in such a situation feel.

THE

THE CRUEL FATHER.

THE love of money is a passion which not only degrades our nature, and renders it insensible to those ties which unite the human race, but has the power of contracting all the softer affections, and of converting the heart of its possessor into an impenetrable mass. Such a heart was placed in the bosom of Malvolio; the pleadings of humanity never drew a tear from his eyes; every feeling seemed bound up in an adamantine girdle, which the hand of Plutus alone had the power to unbrace.

Malvolio had been educated under the care of an uncle, who, by a train of petty meannesses, had acquired a large portion of wealth; and the artificial character of Biggs, or the real one of Elwes, could not have devised the means of saving sixpence upon a more despicable plan. Taught from his infancy the intrinsic value of a farthing, and instructed in the art of converting pence into pounds, money, in fact, became his idol; and to obtain it, he frequently overstepped Honesty's bounds. The uncle of Malvolio was one of those deceptious characters who pass for men of rectitude in the opinion of the world; he talked loudly of the increasing depravity of human nature, subscribed to public charities, and went regularly to church. Under this appearance of virtue and sanctity, a fraudulent and selfish disposition was concealed; and a merchant, with whom he lived in the habits of the greatest intimacy, committed into his care the person and fortune of a beloved child. This sacred deposit was no sooner placed in his protection, than he determined she should become his nephew's wife; and Malvolio, delighted at the idea of becoming master of a large fortune, was highly gratified at his relation's choice. The inclinations of the young lady were not even consulted; and though her heart was pre-engaged, her disposition was not formed to rebel; and

and though the gentle Isabella ventured to remonstrate against her destiny, she found it of no avail, and at length was forced to submit.

Never were dispositions more completely opposite than that of Malvolio and this amiable girl: she was all sweetness, softness, and liberality; whilst his every emotion was absorbed in the desire of accumulating wealth. In addition to this, he was a domestic tyrant; his passions were violent, and he was the victim of caprice: at one moment he would caress her with a fondness absolutely fulsome, and at the next he would almost annihilate her with rage. About two years after her marriage, Isabella became a mother. A variety of pleasing emotions crowded upon her mind; but the child at once proved a source of comfort and uneasiness; for Malvolio insisted upon superintending the care of it himself. If she ordered the servant to walk out with it, that was improper; if it was retained in the nursery, she was ruining its health; and, under the pretence of fondness for the infant, its unfortunate mother had not a moment's peace.

The little Adolphus, however, grew in spite of the inconsistencies of the capricious author of his birth, and displayed, even in childhood, a variety of instances of a good understanding, and a susceptible heart. To strengthen those amiable propensities, which he had derived from nature, afforded Isabella the highest delight; and, in the absence of his father, all her attention was devoted to the controuling his passions, and the cultivation of his mind. In the twelfth year of his age, Adolphus had the misfortune to lose a mother, whom he at once loved and revered: but though death had deprived him of her maternal tenderness, her precepts had made a strong impression upon his heart.

Though Isabella appeared to have no influence upon Malvolio's conduct, yet, by her soothing softness, his furious passions were frequently allayed; and when deprived

deprived of her, he gave them an unbounded dominion over him, to the terror of those who were under his power. Adolphus not only inherited the amiable qualities of his mother, but possessed all that yielding softness for which she was admired, and never presumed to oppose the commands of Malvolio, though they were frequently repugnant to every feeling of his heart.

The time, however, at length arrived, when duty and affection were at warfare; for Malvolio thought himself entitled to provide a wife for his son; and as fortune had been his only consideration, he expected Adolphus to adopt the same plan. The disposition of this young man was formed for domestic happiness, and he had beheld an object with whom he thought it was to be found; she was the daughter of an officer, who had no fortune but his commission, who lived within a short distance of his father's house. The mind of Eliza Desborough had been highly cultivated; her form was the most perfect that can possibly be conceived; her countenance was at once an index to her feelings, and expressed her sensations, without the language of speech. Such was the amiable girl who had made an impression upon the heart of Adolphus, which it was beyond the power of parental authority to efface; and the wife which his father had selected, was in every respect opposite to her; for she was destitute of every personal and of every mental grace.

"Adolphus," said his father to him one morning at breakfast, "I intend introducing you this evening to the rich heiress, Miss Green. She has twenty thousand pounds independent of her father, who I know has above double that sum snug in the stocks; and if you do but play your cards with caution, the prize will be yours, I'd bet a thousand pounds!" Adolphus was so petrified with this piece of intelligence, that he was absolutely unable to make any reply: when his father exclaimed, in a voice of authority, "Pray, Sir, have you lost the use of your

tongue?" "No, Sir," replied Adolphus; "but I have never thought of marriage. And—I—I—I cannot say I am much struck with the person of Miss Green." "Struck," said Malvolio, in a tone of violence: "But, Sir, have you never heard of a father striking a son out of his will? Yet I tell you once for all, boy, I am determined you shall marry her; for I shall not be such a fool as to let you choose for yourself."

"Sir," rejoined Adolphus, inspired by the recollection of Eliza Desborough's attractions, "I have in all things paid an implicit obedience to your wishes; but you cannot desire me to sacrifice the happiness of my life; and I must candidly declare, that I have a repugnance to the idea of even thinking of Miss Green in the character of a wife."

"And have you any repugnance to her fortune, Sir?" thundered out Malvolio, scarcely able to articulate from the violence of his rage. "You numbscull! you blockhead! how dare you dispute my orders! Why, I tell you, the girl will have sixty thousand pounds; and I tell you, moreover, that I will make a beggar of you, unless you marry the person of whom I make choice."

It was in vain for Adolphus to attempt disputing with his father in this violent perturbation of fury and rage; he therefore endeavoured to allay the paroxysm of his passion, by declaring himself ready to accompany him to Miss Green's. Conformable as he had hitherto been to the wishes of his father, in this instance he resolutely determined not to yield; and though he agreed to pay the intended visit, the image of Eliza reigned triumphant in his heart. If the person of Miss Green had excited disgustful emotions, how much were they increased by the vulgar coarseness of her remarks! He was convinced that their marriage had been a pre-concerted measure by their parents; for the moment tea was ended they were left by themselves. Instead of the young lady

displaying any embarrassment at this circumstance, she had the indelicacy to turn it into jest; enquired whether it was the first time he had ever been left *téte a téte* with a female; and asked if the novelty of the circumstance excited any new sensation in his breast.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Adolphus could so far conquer his feelings, as to parry off her questions, as if she had merely been in jest; but never did he think the hours passed so tediously as until Mr. Green and his father returned. The smirking countenance of the lady delighted Malvolio, who flattered himself that his son had been intimidated by his threats, and had thought sixty thousand pounds an ample compensation for every bodily and mental defect. Full of this idea, he took leave of father and daughter, having some mercantile affairs to transact with a gentleman in his own line; and Adolphus pleading a violent head-ache, Malvolio did not persuade him to stay.

Released from that restriction he had been compelled to put upon his feelings, the footsteps of Adolphus involuntarily turned towards Captain Desborough's house, when the sight of the muffled knocker gave a horror to his feelings, and for a few moments suspended the pulsation of his heart. He rang softly at the bell, yet dreaded to see the door opened, lest he should hear some fatal intelligence respecting the object so dear to his heart; and when the servant appeared, he could scarcely enquire whether it was Captain or Miss Desborough who was ill.

"Oh! 'tis my poor master, Sir," replied the woman, taking up the corner of her apron to wipe away the tears which her news had excited: "but, my dear young lady, I assure you, is in a dreadful condition; for the doctor has just told her the Captain cannot live!" "Not live!" exclaimed Adolphus, turning pale at the information—"Oh, God! what a stroke for my poor Eliza to endure!" Not sensible of what

he had said, he then asked the servant whether she thought her master could be seen.

Though Adolphus from a child had visited at Captain Desborough's, and was treated by him with the same familiar affection as if he had been his son, he had never even ventured to mention his passion to him, though in a thousand different instances he had displayed the feelings of his heart. Shocked, as he was, at the idea of his friend's situation, he was still more so at the prospect of Eliza's unprotected state; and he was anxious to obtain the sanction of Captain Desborough, to shield her from the dangers to which youth and beauty are exposed.

The servant, who knew the intimate footing on which Adolphus was received in the family, instantly conducted him into her master's room; and though the exhausted invalid had appeared to be dying, he instantly rose from his pillow, exclaiming, "Oh, my son!" Adolphus seized the hand which had been extended towards him, and involuntarily dropped upon his knees. "Commit Eliza to my care," said he; "I will be her protector. But let me not deceive you in a moment like this! My father, dearest Sir, will never consent to our union. In the wish of promoting my interest, he would sacrifice my peace; and he has positively declared, that he will make me a beggar, unless I consent to marry Miss Green. My heart, long attached to your amiable Eliza, asserts the privilege of making its choice; industry and exertion will render me independent; and to-morrow morning, with your permission, I will make her my wife. The affection which I have long felt towards her, has been of so refined a nature, that I dreaded asking your consent, from the fear of being refused; and not any thing would have induced me to make this declaration, but the alarming state to which I see you reduced! If there is any other being to whose protection you can intrust her, whose fortunes appear more brilliant than my own——" No, No," exclaimed

the

the dying man interrupting him. "She would prefer poverty with you, I am persuaded, my son."

During this conversation, the agitated Eliza sat in a state of stupified sorrow on the other side of the bed, until roused by Adolphus enquiring, in a faltering accent, whether she would consent to bless him with her hand. "In a moment like this," said the weeping object of his affection, "how can I indulge one thought about myself?" "It is only in such a moment, my beloved Eliza," replied Adolphus, "that I could have ventured to ask you to bless me with your consent. If Heaven should deprive you of the protection of your father, it is only under the title of your husband, that I can prove myself your friend!"

"Give him your hand, my Eliza," said the exhausted Captain Desborough, "for I have long known that he has had the possesion of your heart. And may the blessing of a dying man shield you from misfortunes! And oh, Adolphus! be tender, be affectionate to my child!" The entrance of the apothecary with a large blister, which he was going to apply to his patient's head, put an end to a conversation, which was becoming too interesting for the enfeebled frame of Captain Desborough to sustain.

The variety of emotions which agitated Adolphus, it would be difficult for the power of language to describe. He knew he was going to forfeit all claims upon his father, by making the amiable Eliza his wife. Whether to inform him of his intention, or whether to marry without endeavouring to soften his rage, was a circumstance which required mature reflection; yet no time could possibly be allowed for delay. A relation of his mother's was the only person to whom he could apply for council and advice; he accordingly took leave of the object of his tenderness, for the purpose of consulting this friend. The illness of Captain Desborough had been so extremely sudden, that though this gentleman was intimately acquainted with him, he was a stranger to the event; and when

he reflected upon the irreconcileable temper of Malvolio, he was at a loss to know how to advise his agitated son. The mutual attachment between Eliza and Adolphus, Mr. Middleton had for a length of time observed; and had cautioned him against going so frequently to Captain Desborough's, knowing that his father would never consent to the match: but when he heard that Adolphus had made an absolute declaration of his passion, and that a dying parent had committed a darling child to his care, he thought a private marriage would be the most adviseable measure, and undertook the kind office of making Malvolio acquainted with the event. He accordingly accompanied Adolphus to the house of a neighbouring clergyman; the license was procured, and the next morning he attended him to church, where the ceremony was performed without any witnesses, except Mr. Middleton and the clerk.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Eliza could be persuaded to leave her father, who seemed to revive at the thought of leaving her under Adolphus's care; and whose spirit waited to take its flight to the mansions of eternity until the return of Mr. Middleton, who had witnessed the event. The variety of conflicting emotions which had torn the breast of Eliza, produced an alarming effect upon her delicate frame; and the moment she entered the house of her father, she dropped apparently lifeless into her husband's arms. By the help of volatiles, she was restored to recollection; but as it was necessary to conceal the circumstance from the dying man, Mr. Middleton hastened to the apartment, to inform him that he had seen the ceremony performed. Scarcely had this intelligence been imparted, when clasping his hands with fervor and delight, he exclaimed, "I thank thee, oh my God, for lengthening my existence until this gratifying intelligence had afforded comfort to my mind! Bless them, oh thou merciful Protector of the friendless! Oh, bless, defend, and sustain my child!"

Here

Here his lips quivered, his voice faltered, and raising his eyes to Heaven, he instantly expired.

The scene which followed, language can scarcely depicture, for at that instant Eliza opened the door, when the lifeless form of her father presented itself to her; and before Mr. Middleton could prevent the effort, she had encircled it in her arms! Horror for some moments checked the power of utterance; the assuaging balm of tears was denied; and grasping the body with a force that refused yielding to exertion, she seemed determined not to move from its side! The groans of Adolphus, who thought her intellects were affected, at length seemed to restore recollection to her mind; and stretching out one hand towards him, she uttered a shrill, piercing scream! This effort of nature fortunately relieved her; and she soon afterwards burst into a violent flood of grief, consented to be removed from the object of her affection, and, though overwhelmed with affliction, was perfectly resigned.

Adolphus was under the cruel necessity of tearing himself from his beloved Eliza, and of attending, as usual, to mercantile affairs; but to the bosom of a female friend their secret was intrusted, who, upon the death of Captain Desborough, remained at the house. Malvolio was too much occupied in the concerns of business, to pay any attention to the dejection so visible in his son; but when dinner was over, he again explained the advantages which would result from his forming a union with Miss Green. Fortunately for Adolphus, Mr. Middleton at that moment entered. "I am glad to see you," exclaimed Malvolio with a smile. "I have a scheme in agitation, which does not seem quite to accord with the wishes of that blockhead: in short, I am going to provide him with a wife."

"I should suppose he would prefer providing himself with a commodity of that nature," said Mr. Middleton; "however he may wish to consult you in any

any affair of trade." "What the devil do you mean?" exclaimed Malvolio: "would you teach disobedience to that head-strong boy?" "Far from it," replied the mild Mr. Middleton; "but I think there is no possibility of directing the wayward feelings of the heart." "That is very true," said the hitherto silent Adolphus:—"And in every thing but marriage, I am ready to obey my father's commands."

"You shall obey them in that too, Sir, or from this moment I renounce you for ever," said Malvolio, in a voice suffocated with rage. "But get out of my sight, and never let me behold you, unless you feel ready to let my orders be obeyed!" Adolphus instantly rose from the table, and flew to the object who occupied his every thought, but carefully concealed the preceding conversation, fearful of adding to the sorrow which already preyed upon her heart.

As soon as he had quitted the room, Malvolio informed Mr. Middleton, that a marriage between the young people had been proposed by Mr. Green; "And because the girl is not handsome," said he, "would you believe it possible, that her fortune possesses no charms in his eyes! She has twenty thousand pounds independent of her father; and Green has upwards of forty now in the stocks; yet this rebel of mine would reject such an alliance, when the girl has a right to look up to a Lord!"

"Perhaps his affections are engaged," replied Mr. Middleton; "and in that case it would be villainous to offer himself for her husband." "Zounds, Sir!" exclaimed he, "do you think he dare do such a thing? What! dispose of his affections without my consent!" "Come, come, my good friend, moderate your resentment; and converse upon this subject like a rational man. You have lived long enough in the world to know that young people, in an affair like that of marriage, will chuse for themselves." "Will they?" vociferated the still more violent Malvolio; "then I tell you that my son shall not, by G—; and unless he

he chuses to marry the girl I select for him, the devil of one penny shall he ever have from me."

"But suppose it is out of his power to obey you: suppose for one moment he is already a married man." "Then," exclaimed he, striking the table with the utmost violence, "May the curses of a father fall upon his head!—may distress pursue—may poverty overtake him—may his children become beggars—may his wife perish in the streets—may sorrow and repentance prey upon his vitals, until they destroy the thread of his miserable life!"

"Oh, shame to humanity, disgrace to the name of father!" said the petrified Middleton, rising from his seat; "fall upon your knees, implore the pardon of that Being who in one instant can put a period to your life! Have you not from childhood been the favourite of Heaven? Have you not been blest in a wife, and happy in a son? Has not fortune smiled upon all your undertakings, yet you impiously offend Him from whom these blessings are derived! Are you so dead to feeling, so lost to the voice of nature, as to call down curses upon the head of your child? A child too, who, excepting this one instance, has made your wishes the absolute rule of his life."

"Is he married?" enquired the pale and trembling Malvolio. "What will you say, if I tell you that he is?" "Say!" exclaimed he, scarcely able to articulate the sentence, "That I hope every curse will be multiplied upon his head! And as to you, base and insiduous villain, who have instilled principles of disobedience into the breast of my son, may you live to feel disappointment like that which at present overwhelms me; and may accumulated misfortunes overcloud your days!" So saying, he quitted the apartment, and gave orders that his son should be denied admission into the house.

(To be continued.)

ON ARGUMENTATION.

IT may be thought a paradox, yet I believe it is a truth, that the application to reason by argument, is, of all other methods, the least likely to convince men of an error, and produce a change in their opinion. Arguments are opposed by a kind of instinctive impulse; and the mind necessarily fortifies itself in exerting its utmost force to resist an attack. But if you laugh at the absurdity, and treat it with an air of superiority and neglect, as the attack is not made by reason, the defence will not be attempted by sophistry: the mind will of course become willing to relinquish an opinion that exposes it to ridicule, and will then naturally consider it with impartiality: nay, it will even be induced to give that up as indefensible, which is treated as unworthy of a serious confutation.

ON LITERARY DISPUTES.

I SCARCE know any thing so ridiculous as a literary dispute: each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which seem unanswerable and irresistible to himself, but for the same reason have no effect upon his antagonist; for both are so far from weighing the allegations that make against themselves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport: thus each combatant attacks the very place that is covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable: each wearies himself with striking, and each is astonished that his blows are not felt. "The blockhead," says he, "is as insensible as a stone: you may as well beat a stockfish, or make passes against a brick wall."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

October 10.

THIS evening was revived the entertainment of *The Camp*, which had been long promised, and excited high expectation. The whole comic and musical force of the house was employed in it. Perhaps this profusion of talent was injudicious, as, by winding public expectation too high, it might create ultimate disappointment. The piece, in fact, was but a trifle, manufactured to answer a temporary purpose. When we say that Mr. SHERIDAN was the manufacturer, we need not add, that the dialogue is smart and witty. But the piece is meagre of plot and incident; the little story that it has, consists in the rencontre of a soldier with his disguised sweetheart. It was received, however, with loud applause. *Bannister* and *Johnstone* had little to do, but the little they did could not have been done better. The former in *Gauge*, a roguish Exciseman, had some smart hits at contractors. The latter represented *O'Daub*, an Irish Scene Painter; and a scene, where, by an equivoque soliloquy while taking a sketch of the Camp, he is mistaken by the soldiers for a spy, excited much mirth. Miss *De Camp* made a smart young soldier, and went through the manual exercise very dexterously. Mrs. *Bland* seemed to have recovered all her wonted vivacity. *Palmer* was a mere lounging beau, in which he was quite at home. As to Mrs. *Young*, and Mrs. *H. Johnston*, they were employed merely for their names: the little they had to do, affords us no occasion to say more, than that their persons and smart military habits made them pretty additions to the groupe. The final scene presented a splendid view of the Camp, with a march of soldiers in review; and at the call of the audience, *God save the King*, by the whole of the *Dramatis Personæ*, concluded the entertainment with infinite *éclat*. The piece has the further recommendation of some pretty music.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A Chocolate-coloured Silk Bonnet, with Rosettes of Crimson Ribbon, and a Lace Veil. A Pelice of the same Silk, trimmed with White Fur. The Dress White Muslin; Gloves, York Tan.

2. A Straw Hat, with Convolvolus Wreath, and a Lace Veil. A light Blue Velvet Pelice, trimmed with Swansdown. Shoes, Blue Leather. Gloves, York Tan. Bear-Skin Muff.

EVENING DRESSES.

3. A plain Muslin Dress, with a Drapery on the Head of Salmon-coloured Crape. Gloves, White Leather, and Shoes of Salmon-coloured Silk.

4. A full Head-Dress of Hair. A Demi-Robe of White Lace, with Sprigs of Silver, fastened with Ties of Lace and Silver Cord down the Front. The Dress White Muslin. A Gold Necklace, with a Medallion in Antique Bas-relief. Shoes, White Sarsenet; and Gloves, White Silk.

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Morning Dresses Nov: 1803.

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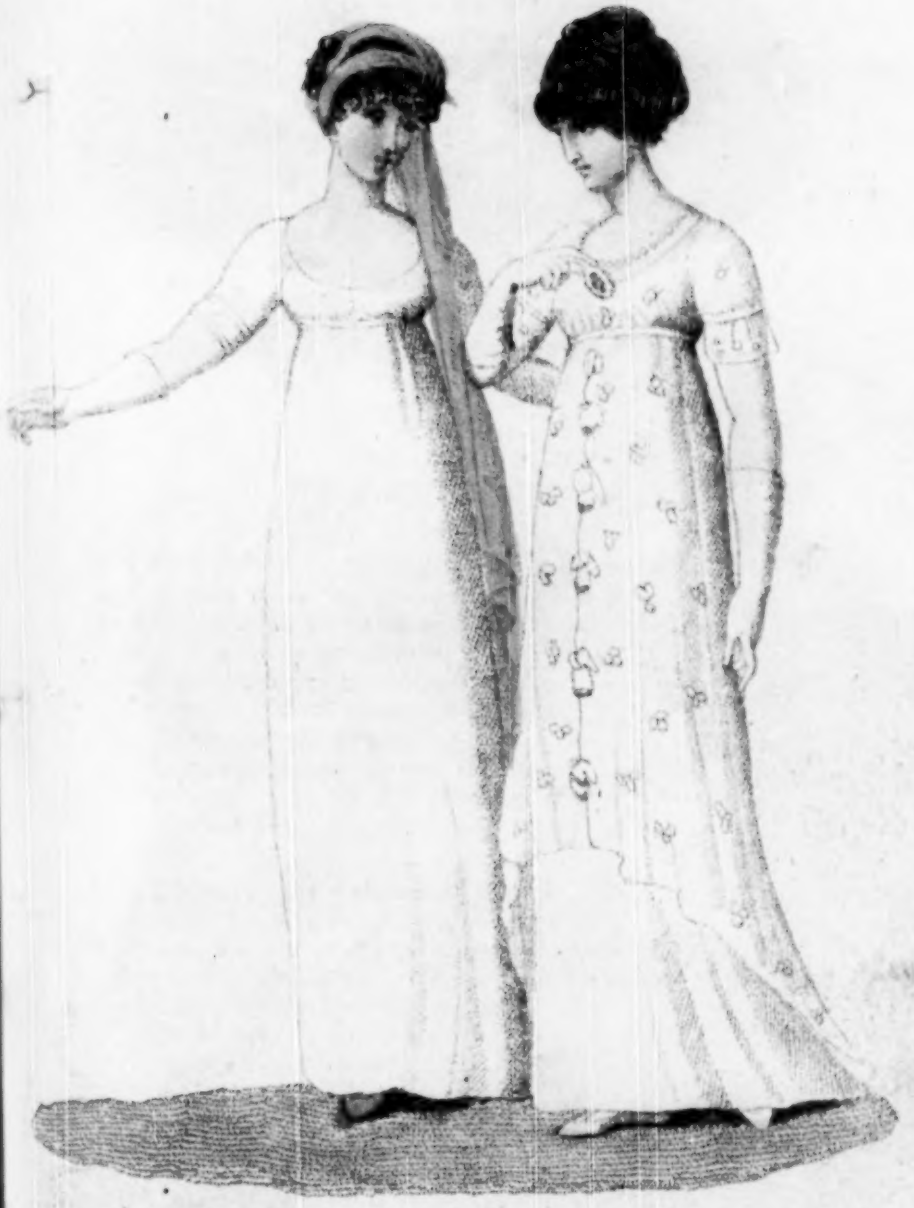

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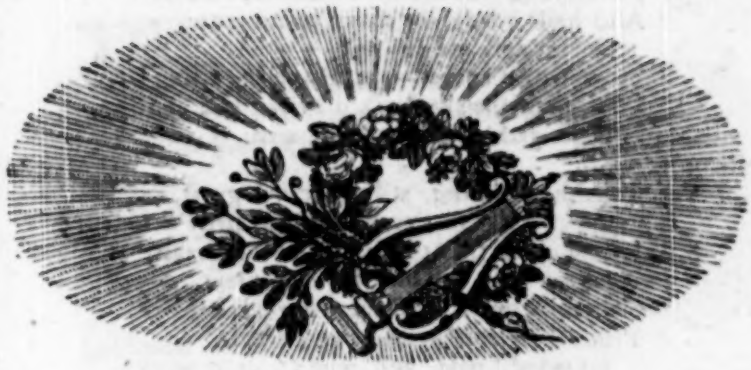

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE TO HOPE.

DAUGHTER of Fancy, friend of human kind!
Before whose influence ev'ry sorrow flies;
At whose approach grief leaves the sinking mind,
And in its place bright airy visions rise:
Cheerful Hope, to mortals giv'n,
Sweetest gift of bounteous Heav'n!
Conq'ror of Despair!—
In human breasts for ever glowing,
Spring of joy, for ever flowing,
Sweet beyond compare!—

Thee I invoke, fair 'habitant of earth!
On earth alone is felt thy cheering pow'r;
With man alone thou dwell'st, e'en from thy birth,
Bright'ning the clouds of grief which o'er him low'r.
What tho' disappointments ever
All the joys of mortals sever,
Still always we shall find,
Like camomile, for ever living,
Hope springs again, new life receiving
From ev'ry adverse wind.

In the light breast thou warm'st, joy never dies,
Though wrapt in comfortless Misfortune's night;
For, this cloud past, Hope points beyond, to skies
Of brightest azure, and meridian light;

Pierces thro' the mists of sorrow,
And hails a brighter dawn to-morrow,
Unclouded and serene!
To-morrow comes—ah, Hope beguiling!—
Where erst the sky look'd bright and smiling,
Dark-gath'ring clouds are seen.

Yet, though deluding, still delicious guest,
Though still thy flatt'ring song has prov'd untrue;
Still let me clasp thee to my throbbing breast,
Still let me keep thy airy form in view.
See yon wretch by Hope deserted,
From ev'ry earthly blessing parted,
Haggard, pale, and wan;
To suicide by phrenzy driv'n,
Feels, too late, that Hope is giv'n
To be the friend of man.

Though num'rous sorrows may attend my road,
Though Disappointment's darts incessant fly;
By Hope supported, light is ev'ry load,
And Hope to smiles turns ev'ry rising sigh.
Then in my bosom, blessed Hope, preside!
There let thy visions fancy'd bliss bestow;
Through ev'ry change, still, Hope, with me abide,
And make each adverse wave in gentler current flow.

Sept. 12, 1803. ISABELLA.

SONNET.

WAR.

FURIES, lead on—Ambition calls thy aid;
Drag forth my car, let ravens lead the way;
Give me my massy shield, my shining blade.
I thirst for slaughter.—Let's away—away—
Quick dim the prospect of the rising day,
And drive Prosperity to pining shade.
The Land of Liberty's the prize—Prepare
The chains of slav'ry—hover o'er the air,
Lest Heav'n should pity their tormented cries.—
The tyrant spoke—Britannia heard the sound,
Invok'd her sons—"To arms!" the Goddess cried,
"My free-born children! Curb the Tyrant's pride,
Humble his boastings on thy native ground.
To arms, my sons!—for Liberty's your prize."

Tooley-Street. Σιγμα.

IRREGULAR ODE TO LOVE.

TRUE source of ev'ry joy thro' life,
Free-minded Love!
What pleasure fills the rapt'rous mind,
What tender throbbings, kind anxiety,
What jealous fear!

Cradled by Friendship at the cottage door,
In infant days
She beam'd the glitt'ring star of future hope,
Her smiling innocence no cares disturb'd,
No anguish tore.

Soft stole the hours in one continual spring,
'Till puberty,
Like orient Sol, illum'd her fairy form:
Increas'd the magic beauty of her cheek,
And brilliancy of eye.

As thro' the meadows then she careless stray'd,
Culling the bloom
Of early flowers, her rapt'rous hand by chance
Plucked the rose, her sense to gratify
With balmy odour.

Pleas'd with the scent, she plac'd it on her breast;
It blush'd in crimson;
Quick from the warmth, a myriad gnomes arose,
Expert on filmy wings they flutter'd round
The blooming goddess.

Some, fully arm'd with certain death,
Guarded their birth-place—
While others, skill'd in missile arrows, hid
Among her loosely-flowing auburn curls,
Shot forth at random.

Some, firm in arms, their weapons level'd
From her sweet lips;
While many in ardent expectation stood,
And point their brilliant barbed arrows
From her bright eyes.

Tir'd with the walk, she careless now reclin'd
Upon a bank,
Beneath an open fragrant woodbine-shade,
Just where a pebbly rill in music flow'd
To lull the ear.

When Zephyr, flirting from his silken fane,
Saw the sweet maid,
Upon her breast, he woo'd her lengthen'd sighs,
Joining his flower-collected breath with her's.
—— Hence Cupid sprang.

Southwark. T. BALDOCK.

LOVE.

" *Juliet.* O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
Romeo. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come."

SHAKESPEARE.

SON of Venus, child of May,
The reason pray explain,
Why, when thy pleasures haste away,
Thy tortures still remain?
Little, wily, wanton boy,
Take the pain, or leave the joy.

Yet if thou wilt not separate
Thy gifts of bliss and woe,
Rather than lose thy pleasures great,
I'll bear thy tortures too:
Yes, yes, thy keenest pangs I'll prove,
Sooner than lose one grain of love.

Must I abstain from soft repose,
Lest mournful dreams appear?
Must I reject the ruddy rose
Because its thorn is near?
No, no —— sad dreams are cheer'd by morn;
And sweetness crowns the rose's thorn.

Sept. 3, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE LAP-DOG.

BY DR. PERFECT.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,
Interr'd by neither priest nor friar,
Reposeth honest Tim.
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep,
Melpomene, thou ne'er canst weep
A worthier cur than him.
No *sins* had Tim. of any sort,
His *virtues* might have grac'd a court
He liv'd Matilda's pride,
And never fill'd with tears her eye,
Or caus'd her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas! but when he died.

STANZAS

STANZAS

DEDICATED TO A****

A****, to whom all thoughts, all wishes bend,
Vouchsafe this dedication from a friend:
If that so fair a title I may claim,
'Tis all I dare—I ask no dearer name.
'Tis your's to grant—mine only to implore;
My vainest hope!—how vain to hope for more!
Oh, you, for whom all hearts such fondness show,
'Tis venial sure that mine must suffer too.
All mortals bear a vulnerable part;
Achilles' heel, and Romeo's stricken heart.
But where's that heart invulnerable to you?
Or rather, that you have not stricken thro'?
Born to disturb, yet captivate the mind;
Make women envious, and thy slaves mankind.
Empress o'er hearts, nor subject to control,
As mighty seas their endless billows roll.
Oh, in thy bosom, Virtue's spotless seat,
May no untoward sorrow ever beat:
Oh, may no wish, (for none can enter there,
But Heav'n approving, makes its special care,)
May no rude anguish e'er invade thy heart,
Save those soft sorrows mutual loves impart.
Spirits that o'er her destiny await,
Oh, guard her thro' th' impending hour of Fate!
And you, ye healthful gales of tepid air,
Visit her gently with a gen'rous care;
Your ruddy hues impart, her drooping form repair;
Which, like the lily, mistress of the field,
Hangs its fair head, and all its beauties yield;
'Till Night descending, sheds her grateful dews,
Decks the fair flow'ret, and its strength renews.

August. CAROLUS.

ACROSTIC.

E-'ER that thy magic eyes did first impart
L-ove, and its thrilling raptures, to my heart,
I-n my calm bosom dwelt no ling'ring pain;
S-orrow could ne'er obtrude its ruthless reign.
A-las! how alter'd now!—perturb'd my mind,
P-ensive and sad; no solace sweet can find.
R-emembrance keen there haunts, nor e'er will rest,
I-mmur'd perpetual in this anxious breast.
C-ontinue still, thou pleasing pang, to grow;
E-ven though hopeless—cherish, aye, my woe!!!

CAROLUS.

A CALL TO GLORY.

I.

BRITONS, arise, and rouse to arms!
Your Country is in danger;
Protect your Land from War's alarms,
And guard it from a Stranger.

II.

What Stranger's this? methinks 'tis said,
Who dares insult our Land?
If England's shores he dare invade,
We'll meet him heart and hand!

III.

He'll find a Host who never fled,
A Host prepar'd to fight,
A Host for England's glory led,
To vindicate their right!

IV.

Ne'er shall this Gallic Despot vile
Triumphant plough our waves!
Nor with the wealth of Albion's Isle
Glut his half-famish'd slaves!

V.

No—while our Land can Freedom boast,
Our Sons will boldly dare
To drive Invaders from our Coast,
Who would our Blessings share.

VI.

Then, when proud France shall humbled—bend,
Our shores shall loudly ring,
"That Britons can themselves defend,
Their Country, and their King."

F. R.

ON CONTENTMENT.

CONTENT transcends a crown; 'tis Wisdom's mark,
Choice manna, treasur'd in Religion's ark;
An olive branch, brought in a turtle's bill;
An anchor, which at sea secures us still;
A calm in storms; a peace where wars invade;
In frost, a sunshine; and in heat, a shade;
That high-tun'd harmony for which we long,
A sweet preludium to a heav'nly song;
The heart's bright ruby, which, with this endu'd,
Shines like a star of the first magnitude.

Hertford. LAVINIA SOPHIA G.

AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN,

Immediately before he terminated his Existence, is supposed to have written and addressed these Lines to the Sister of that exalted Personage to whom he was Aid-du-Camp.

COMMUNICATED BY CLERICUS.

LOUD howls the blast, the deep'ning thunders roll,
A dreadful requiem to my parting soul;
Full charg'd with death the ready weapon lies,
That Desperation's remedy supplies.
Yet one hour, Princess! and these life-long woes
Shall find a solemn, everlasting close;
And ere thy gaze will bless this fever'd line,
My boiling blood will be more cold than thine.
What though my fault'ring language ne'er confest
The horrid conflicts of my mad'ning breast,
What though to hide those conflicts still I strove,
I knew you saw, and mourn'd my fatal love.
Love spurns all barriers, and, without controul,
Heeds no coincidence, but that of soul.
I felt the concord—and my youthful heart
O'erlook'd the *Princess* in its counterpart.
Delicious dreams my raptur'd sense beguil'd,
While self-delusion on my stupor smil'd.
Ah, visions dear! I need your baseless scope
When Reason's light disclos'd the urn of Hope.
Then saw I, shuddering, the dark abyss,
That lies beneath life's crumbling precipice;
And, driv'n by passion to my being's verge,
I view'd a Lethe in the coastless surge.
Yet, ling'ring thought still dwelt on those wild plains
Where Nature groans not in Opinion's chains,
Where Rank's ideal fences ne'er divide
The meeting minds—by Love's sweet thrill allied.
The frigid mandates of despotic law,
Could not your wise, your royal Sire o'erawe?
Fair Waldegrave his willing soul subdu'd,
And though the Senate frown'd, no harm ensu'd.
Yet ill would it agree with my pure flame,
To bring abasement on Sophia's name:
No—by thyself—but were our states reverst,
Though thou wer't last on earth, thou should'st be first.
And must thou wither in thy world of charms?
Or, worse, be doom'd to some cold Prince's arms?
In either case, the hapless tool of state,
Thou'lt curse the destiny that made thee great.

'Mid Grandeur's glare, thy pensive soul will pine,
And taste an agony a-kin to mine.
Oh, then, when Night's soft orb dispels the gloom,
Perhaps thou'lt seek thy pallid victim's tomb;
And, as the breeze sighs o'er the lonely spot,
Bewail the wretched Suicide's hard lot.
Thy pious thoughts will soar to Heav'n in pray'r,
And bring down mercy on my rash despair.
The storm is lull'd—the winds no longer rave,
But all is silent as my yawning grave.
Time's iron tongue now sounds my passing bell—
Exalted maid!—a long—a last farewell!

SELIMA, *a constant Reader, asserts the following to be the Production of a Lady only Eleven Years of Age. As such, our Readers will be pleased to see this Address*

TO THE DAY-LILY.

SWEET Flow'r! that gloriest for a day,
And scent'st the ambient air,
How soon thy brilliant charms decay,
That op'ning shone so fair!

Ev'n Flora's pride, the Queen* of Flowers,
The Pink and Hyacinth too,
And Jasmine twining o'er the bowers,
Look down abash'd by you.

Round yon thatch'd cot the Woodbine creeps,
The emblem of Content,
Beneath whose shade the sparrow sleeps,
When the long day is spent.

All these sweet flowers, in order nam'd,
Are striving to excel
Thy slender stalk, for verdure fam'd,
And beauteous yellow bell.

So some sweet maid, in Youth's fresh morn,
May other nymphs outshine;
More blest, should Virtue still adorn
When Beauty's charms decline.

* The Rose.

SONNET,

SONNET,

Addressed to a Friend who had met with a trifling Disappointment from his Parents.

I.

GRIEVE not, my friend, since Fate decreed
Your little hopes for once to blight;
Altho' if parents will mislead,
I ask, will strangers set you right?

II.

Ah, no; the world is not so kind,
And real sorrows come enow:
Let not, then, trifles pain your mind,
For else your griefs will ever flow.

III.

Bear up against the adverse blast,
For oft it blows both keen and rude;
Nor let your soul be overcast,
Should e'er a troubled gust intrude;
But may you meet, with fortitude,
Both Joy's and Grief's vicissitude.

London, Aug. 11, 1803. R. T. OLIVANT.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of the unfortunate ——, *of* ——.

NOW silence reigns;—the busy sons of care
Rest from the bustle of the lab'ring day;
With troubled bosom, speedily I tear
Myself, where Ellen's recent ashes lay.

Here my torn heart aloud its griefs can tell,
No well-meant meddling friends by force control.
Sharp sorrow now, and misery with me dwell,
Both, meet companions to my anxious soul.

Time past, in cheerful guise I met her smile;
Forc'd smile, indeed, to hide a bleeding heart.
The grief conceal'd had I but known the while,
'T might have been given, some comfort to impart.

But 'twas thy fate to hide thy secret grief
From every prying, every friendly eye:
Alternate morn or night brought no relief;
Thy only solace was, to weep and sigh.

But,

But, when the period of thy woes drew nigh,
And pangs and horrors held divided sway,
The hidden cause, alas! thy infant's cry
Proclaim'd thy troubles to the tell-tale day.

Then, who can speak the anguish of thy soul,
When shame and sorrow forc'd the bitter tear,
Which down thy grief-worn cheek reluctant stole,
Whilst every atom shuddered with fear?

By self-reproaches driven to despair,
Such cruel torture seiz'd her vital frame.
Warn'd by her mournful fate, ye maids, beware,
Nor add to other woes—a ruin'd name.

Had you then seen her in this dreadful state,
Anxious enquire of all she chanc'd to see,
"Sincerely to repent! is't not too late?
"Can there be pardon for a wretch like me?

"O! could the glorious sun his course unroll,
"Undo the baneful deed that speaks my shame,
"Restore lost peace to my distracted soul,
"Cleanse those foul spots that stain my mangled fame;

"Then once again should tranquil days return;
"With eager speed I'd seek Religion's way;
"With love celestial should my bosom burn;
"And prayer and praise should close each coming day.

"It will not be! the foul and fatal crime
("Behold! in me you see its sad effect)
"Will have its victim; dooms me in my prime:
"Have mercy, Heav'n, and my sad thoughts direct.

"To thee for mercy! mercy do I pray;
"For thy Son's sake, all crimes thou can'st forgive!
"Pardon my sins; O! wash their stains away;
"Grant to this broken heart with thee to live."

With ceaseless prayers, like these, for Heav'ns high grace,
Worn out with grief, poor Ellen clos'd her eyes;
Then from her weeping friends she turns her face,
Gives sign she hopes for future bliss, and dies.

Ye virgins pure, let fall the tender tear,
Lament her fate, and shun the snares of man;
So shall you ever 'scape those sorrows drear,
Nor end your days, like her, ere joy began.

Now

Now the gray morn proclaims returning day,
Pleasure is up, and Sorrow hides her head,
Unwillingly I leave thy peaceful clay,
To sleep in silence with the mould'ring dead.

But morn, nor noon, nor midnight's quiet hour,
Shall ever pass without some thought of thee,
Whilst mem'ry in this mortal state has power,
Till death my soul from bootless woe shall free.

A CONVERSATION CHARADE.

AN honest fellow is my First,
Said Jack to Tom the Sailor.
'Tis you then, Jack, or I'll be curst—
Though, may be 'tis Bob Nailor!

What will you say then, (Jack replied,)
If I should tell to thee,
It is a juice that's boil'd or fried,
Extracted from a tree?

None of your tricks on me, (said Tom;)
A traveller am I;
And I can draw a bow that's long,
Or gravely tell a lie.

But this is truth, indeed, Tom Range;
The Charade's made by me;
And what, perhaps, you'll think more strange,
The Second does agree,

In sound and spelling, with the first;
Each letter is the same;
And when I told it Richard Hurst,
I swear he guess'd the name.

My Whole's the native of a land
Where we have been together;
And now I think you'll understand,
Unless you're thick as leather!

Corres-

Correspondence, &c.

We have to apologize to the Author of The Juvenile Monitor *for the non-acknowledgement of his last Essay, and likewise for delaying its insertion. The first arose from inadvertence: the latter, in consequence of the great number of favors on hand from our different Correspondents, (all of whom it is our sincere wish to oblige;) but it shall be inserted in our next; and his Productions in future duly acknowledged.*

A Woman's Answer *to* Henry's Query, *page* 228, *is received, and would have been inserted in this Number, had it arrived in time.*

Mrs. P's Letter from a Son to his Mother, *and* Epistle to a young married Lady, *are come to hand.*

Remarks occasioned by W. J's *Observations on* Thrift and Luxury, *shall have a place in our next Number.*

Bertha's April Sun-beam *will appear with more propriety when the sweet season itself is nearer.*

An Unhappy Female's Apostrophe to the other Sex *is poignant, and expresses just indignation; but its images are not sufficiently delicate for insertion in the Ladies' Museum.*

The Author of Lines to Sylvia *must favour us with the circumstances in which they were written—At present they are too mysterious.*

We were not aware that the Night Thought *inserted in our last Museum, was taken from Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to Melancholy: we highly disapprove such disingenuous conduct.*

The Lines *of* Isabella—Mr. Hackett's Elegiac Sonnet—*The two* Songs *of* T. Bird—The poor Blind Lad, *and* Ode to Encouragement, *of our Liverpool Correspondent—shall be inserted in our next.*

We wonder A very constant Reader *should not have noticed the pretty verses on the same subject as his own, in our last Number but one, page* 211: *and as he is so earnest that his* Lines *should be noticed, we here give the first Stanza, which, probably, many of our Readers will think sufficient:*

To Mrs. *****, refusing a Ringlet of her Hair, after giving an Empty Locket.

Can'st thou, Eliza, then so cruel be,
As *to* refuse *to* give *to* me
This small though pleasing boon?
This boon, which unsuccessfully I crave,
Oh, *give it* me, and all denial wave:
Oh, *give it*, *give it* soon.

BRITISCH
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Heywood sculp.

Mrs. Cotton Worthington.
late Mrs. Tickell.

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